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The Week

IN the long run the Dawes plan in its present form is unworkable. This is true because of both economic and psychological factors. The plan requires of Germany a degree of productivity and rigid economy which is probably impossible, even if the other nations would accept her exports in the large quantities the scheme makes necessary. Still more serious, of course, is the moral aspect. The Dawes plan is still the child of the Treaty of Versailles. It requires the virtual enslavement of the whole German nation for a period of years, on the theory that they were morally responsible for the War and must therefore pay its whole cost or as much of it as they can. This theory is not accepted by Germany and probably never will be. It is increasingly flouted by the historians of other countries as they study the complex group of factors which brought about hostilities in August, 1914. The most elementary understanding of human nature makes it impossible to believe that the whole German nation for decades to come will put its heart and soul into the execution of onerous terms which it believes to be both unjust in themselves and founded on a false premise.

NEVERTHELESS, we believe that acceptance of the Dawes plan is in Germany's best interest at the present moment in view of the alternative by which Europe is confronted. A few months ago the continent seemed to be drifting toward another war, a last desperate struggle by people whose foreknowledge of its hopeless outcome was swept aside by their black despair. The outcome of the latest London Conference if confirmed by the three governments, will dissipate this fear for some time to come. Moreover, the plan provides for a badly needed $200,000,000 loan which will be used to stabilize the German currency, balance the budget, and make a payment to France on reparation account, thus relieving some of the financial strain in the latter country as well. The responsibility for transferring reparation payments out of Germany will not rest on her but on the Allies; and she will have partial relief from further payments if they find themselves unable to accomplish this probably impossible task. Best of all, as we have already suggested, the Dawes plan gives Europe a breathing space perhaps several years long in which war passions can further subside and the popular opinion of France can be educated toward the gloomy reality that Germany never can and never will pay much more toward reparations than the huge sum, in cash and in kind, with which she has already parted. Therefore we believe the Dawes plan, impracticable though it will prove, is a step toward peace and stability. That is why the Communists and Nationalists in Germany and the Communists elsewhere are fighting it so bitterly. Black horizons are the weather which suits their purposes best.

GENERAL DAWES by his first two speeches has given away the strategy the Republicans will use in this campaign. The heaviest ammunition is to be centred on La Follette, and the charge is to be that he and his followers are red revolutionists trying to tear down existing institutions including of course that sacred citadel, the Constitution. The political strategy behind this is obvious. The Republicans know very well that they cannot answer the charges of corruption which the Democratic candidate is already hurling at them. They feel they must therefore carry the war to the enemy's camp, and they believe, probably with reason, that La Follette is

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the real foe. The Davis vote seems likely to be centred in the solid South. The doubtful states of the North which will go either Progressive or Republican will decide whether or not the election will be thrown into the House. The analysis is correct, but the arguments General Dawes uses in support of it are so plainly false and spurious that a voter must be very stupid indeed to be deceived by them. Every one, including even General Dawes, knows perfectly well that Senator La Follette is not a red revolutionist. The red revolutionists have attacked him even more violently than they have his opponents. Senator La Follette is fighting for the right of the common man to live in the kind of America this country has always been supposed to be, with special privilege for none and equal opportunity for all. Coolidge and Dawes are running on a platform whose important features are demands for lower taxes for the rich, and higher tariffs to increase the burden on the poor. Under the circumstances it is hardly any wonder that the General is trying earnestly to create a bogey-man which will divert attention from the real facts.

"THIS is a campaign," said candidate Dawes in his acceptance speech, "of brass tacks—not bombast. The discussion of facts and truth is demanded." Exactly so. We agree with the sulphurous General so heartily that we wish he would take a little of his own advice. We are still waiting to hear him reply, in a good brass-tacks way, to the charges made by Donald Richberg in the New Republic of July 9, 1924. Mr. Richberg there revealed facts and truth about a past action of General Dawes which urgently requires explanation, to say the least. He showed that on October 21, 1912, the Central Trust Company of Illinois of which the General was president, made a temporary and highly irregular loan to William Lorimer, the one-time United States Senator of unsavory reputation. This loan of $1,250,000 was made for the purpose of permitting Lorimer to exhibit it to the state bank examiner as being the property of the La Salle Street Trust and Savings Bank, then in process of formation. The bank examiner was deceived, the charter issued, and the money returned to the Dawes bank. Presently the new Lorimer organization went smash, and thousands of innocent stockholders suffered heavy loss. The receiver regarded the Dawes institution as being sufficiently implicated to justify bringing suit against it; and its reply was that the loan had been made by General Dawes and his brother, the cashier, solely on their own responsibility. After a ten-year battle in the courts it has been decided that the Dawes bank is legally liable to the Lorimer stockholders in a sum of more than $150,000. We submit it to our readers whether a man with such an action in his record is fit to be Vice-President of the United States. How about a few brass tacks on the subject of the Lorimer loan, General Dawes?

MESSRS. Coolidge and Hughes have got themselves into a pretty tangle over the Dawes plan. Since it looks like a success for the moment, they are anxious to use it as political ammunition in the domestic campaign. They cannot do so, however, without calling interference in European affairs an official policy of the government; and if they do so the statement will be seized in Europe as indicating that the long winter of our isolation is ended—an assertion which the Republicans cannot permit and still hope to keep a shred of consistency in their foreign policy. As a matter of fact, this has already happened. Mr. Coolidge's boasts about the Dawes plan have been hailed on the continent as marking the reëntry of America into the ranks of the Allies. Hopeful statesmen are beginning to talk about the compromise settlement on inter-allied debts which may be expected to follow logically upon our new attitude. The President and his advisers are rediscovering how hard it is to get credit at once for plunging boldly into the mill race and for standing timorously on the bank.

IN past years the Institute of Politics at Williamstown has been justly criticized for a somewhat one-sided presentation of Russian affairs. Impartiality requires us to record that this year it has done rather better. It has still leaned heavily on strongly prejudiced witnesses like Bahkmeteff and Spargo; but it has also given a hearing to the views of men like Colonel William M. Haskell, chief of the American Relief Commission in 1921-23 and Arthur Ruhl, the well-known journalist who has spent much time observing affairs in Russia in the last two or three years. To the horror of the Kerensky and Tsarist factions and of course to that of our professional patriots who earn their fat livings by exhibiting the Bolshevist bogy, Colonel Haskell strongly urges that the United States should enter some sort of conference with Russia in order to see whether or not she would meet the terms on which we are willing to offer recognition. In Colonel Haskell's well-informed and neutral opinion, the Soviet government is prepared to accede to our terms. If it is not, a conference could do the United States no particular harm and would put Secretary Hughes in a position he dearly loves to occupy: that of being able to say "I told you so."

IS Colonel Haskell right? A large and increasing body of evidence suggests that he is, and that, however unwillingly, the Soviet government has at last reached a point where the advantages of being accepted into the family of nations outweigh adherence to the doctrinaire philosophy of Communism. It made one great compromise when it adopted the New Economic Policy with its emphasis on private capitalistic enterprise of a small sort. It made a second when it signed the treaties with Great Britain, agreeing to settle the claims of British holders of bonds issued or guaranteed by the Tsarist govern-

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ment, and promising to review the cases and ultimately to meet the claims of British owners of property in Russia nationalized after the second revolution. These points, plus the promise to abstain from propaganda, which could probably be obtained, would meet the chief American demands. The Russians, it is known, now hope to come to terms with France which even under the Herriot government is still no more inclined to compromise than is America. The recent understanding with Japan, the arrangement with China and the fast lengthening list of European countries with which full diplomatic relations have been resumed, all show that the Russians recognize the realities with which they are confronted. The mouthings of Trotzky about fighting the whole world, mean about as little in the long run as similar promises on behalf of America by Admiral Rodgers. The sooner we get down to facts and put the good faith and the intentions of the Moscow government to the test, the better for all concerned.

LAST week was undoubtedly the most important in the history of the reincarnated Ku Klux Klan. In Texas it received a staggering blow when Mrs. Miriam Ferguson, wife of a former impeached and convicted governor, won the Democratic nomination, which is tantamount to election. She won by something like 100,000 votes, and some of her running mates, who represented the anti-Klan movement even more definitely, did much better. The power of the organization in Texas is undoubtedly broken. John W. Davis also struck at the hooded order, denouncing it by name in a fashion which while less forthright than that of Senator La Follette at least puts him on record as being opposed to the favorite practices of the Knights of the Nightie. Thereafter came a most extraordinary performance by General Dawes. The Republicans could not ignore Mr. Davis's demand for an expression of opinion, and the warrior from Evanston did the work on behalf of Cautious Cal, whose limitations as a fighting orator are clearly perceived by his managers. What General Dawes produced was in fact a veiled apology for the Klan, winding up with a perfunctory "Naughty! naughty!" He virtually condoned mob violence if only the participants believe they are acting in a righteous cause—as of course all mobs invariably do. Any Klansman who reads the General's speech carefully will come away from it with the conviction that Dawes is at worst a half-hearted enemy and is probably a half-hearted friend. The latter view is apparently correct. Dawes is a born Fascist and the Ku Klux and the Fascisti are twins. The organizer of the Minute Men of the Constitution is not likely to speak harshly of an order so similar to his own as the Klan. Unless Mr. Coolidge wants to be labeled as the Ku Klux Kandidate, he must either repudiate the Dawes statement or wipe it out with an unequivocal declaration of his own.

GENERAL Dawes's defense of the Klan, in so far as material for it was drawn from Williamson County, Illinois, marked clearly his sympathy with the lawlessness which masks itself in effusive zeal for law, of which we had examples at Bisbee, Tulsa, and Centralia. He states that a reign of lawlessness existed in Williamson County, marked by the Herrin massacres. This is true and has always been true. Williamson is one of the most American counties in Illinois, settled from the south, and preserving American habits in regard to the settlement of private quarrels. It is in just such a community that the Klan finds its best soil. The Klan in this district is anti-foreign and anti-Catholic. It found an appropriate mark for its aim in the enforcement of the Volstead Act. Representing as General Dawes says "an instinctive groping for leadership in the interest of law enforcement," it found Glenn Young.

THIS gentleman, at first with some sort of commission from the federal authorities, undertook to conduct liquor raids without warrant. In one he killed an Italian workman in his own house, and though he was tried, escaped conviction. A little later with a posse he entered another Italian dwelling where he found parts of a still. The father of the family was away. He arrested and removed the mother. There were children left under the guardianship of a girl of fourteen. Young was charged with assaulting this child, but again escaped conviction. A thousand members of the Klan—Dawes calls them "brave men," because they wore no masks—marched to the sheriff's office in Williamson County and demanded that he turn over the active work of his office to deputies of their choosing. Other county officials were intimidated into resigning. The entire machinery of law enforcement in the county fell in the hands of the Klan. Is the Volstead law enforced? It is not. The bootlegger merely has to open another column in his protection account. This is the sort of law enforcement for which General Dawes stands before the people of the United States—a reign of chicane and violence beneath the cloak of the Constitution.

IN recent decades Labor Day has lost most of whatever meaning it once possessed. Even the newspapers hardly dare any more to print their stock cartoon showing the brawny workman, in his square paper cap, shaking hands with the equally brawny silk-hatted capitalist. This year, however, the occasion is somewhat vitalized by the new and significant development in American labor history. For the first time, the labor movement has gone into politics in a really class-conscious way, with even the conservative leaders of the A. F. of L. squarely committed to the support of a Presidential candidate. It does not need much imagination to see in the struggle this year the foreshadowing of that

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which has so long been dismissed as a quixotic dream, an American labor party which in solidarity and perhaps effectiveness would be a fair parallel for the one which rules Great Britain today. If you look backward, Labor Day, 1924, means little except a three days' vacation for those of the middle-class who can afford to take one; if you look forward—to 1928, for instance—it means a great deal.

SENATOR DUNCAN U. FLETCHER, of Florida, has issued a statement praising the North Carolina senate for its action in rejecting the child labor amendment to the Constitution. North Carolina doesn't need the federal amendment, says Senator Fletcher; she has a good state law of her own. We may lay aside the question of fact involved and still observe that if this is an example of the quality of thinking typical of the Senator, may Heaven help the state he represents. If this country were menaced from the sea by a foreign power, would Senator Fletcher advise that the Middle West be exempt from sending men and money to aid the defense of the sea coast, merely because the enemy's guns can't shoot that far? Does he believe that the owner of a fireproof house should not be called upon to help the fire department and should watch with equanimity while the rest of the town burns up? We refuse to insult the Senator's intelligence with any such nonsensical supposition. Rather, we prefer to rank him with that numerous band, especially strong in the southern states, which is opposed to child labor "in principle," but never fails to sabotage as completely as it can every attempt to put an end to this disgraceful business by law.

MR. DAVIS announced on Monday that he is not going to spend any more time discussing his past record as a lawyer. While his feeling is easily understood, the matter cannot thus be thrust aside. Senator Walsh, of Montana, could not afford to be flippant or impatient with a problem of such gravity. He aroused discomfort in the Davis camp by the outspokenness, bordering on apology, with which in his Clarksburg speech he sought to explain away the Big Business flavor of Mr. Davis. Senator Walsh admitted that there are lawyers "whose employment unfits them for public service," although they are both able and honest, because they honestly believe that the country's interests are best promoted by "the great aggregations of capital dominating industry." The reason given by Senator Walsh has the accent of Senator La Follette. These aggregations of capital, says Senator Walsh, are "widely regarded as menacing to democratic institutions in the power they wield." Therefore, lawyers who imperceptibly have rubbed off the color of their business environment, or who become the advisers of Big Business because they share its outlook, clearly are not dependable instruments of the Progressive faith. Thus far Progressives and Senator Walsh are at one.

DIFFERENCES arise in the application of Senator Walsh's psychological considerations to the case of Mr. Davis. "Your practice," he told the Democratic candidate, "has been general, one day speaking for some great and possibly ruthless corporation, the next for an impoverished contender against the massed wealth of such or the victims of its ruthless ness; today appearing for interests demanding the process of the law in some industrial war, tomorrow for organized labor striking for living wages or individuals charged with illegal acts in aid of a strike." In this summary, Senator Walsh, we are bound to say, disregards time and so blurs the facts. As a young lawyer of Clarksburg, Virginia, Davis had a "general practice." As a lawyer of fame he was exclusively the servant of power. He represented Morgan and Company, the Standard Oil, the Guaranty Trust Company, the New York Telephone Company (one of the subsidiaries upon whose earnings the value of American Telephone and Telegraph securities, floated by Morgan and Company, depend). He candidly gloried in the fact that Big Business was his client.

SINCE 1921 neither "impoverished contender" nor "organized labor striking for a living wage," nor "individuals charged with illegal acts in aid of a strike" has had the benefit of Mr. Davis's skill and prestige. Mr. Davis, it cannot be too often explained, was not an unattached general practitioner, as was Mr. Brandeis before he went on the Supreme Court, or as was Mr. Hughes before he went on the Bench and after he returned to practice. Moreover, Mr. Davis not only restricted his practice to Big Business—he went into Big Business. On this aspect of Mr. Davis's career Senator Walsh was completely silent. Mr. Davis in New York ceased to be merely a lawyer. He himself became part of the "great aggregations of capital dominating industry"; he became a director in the Santa Fé, the United States Rubber Company, and the National Bank of Commerce. These business connections are reflected in Mr. Davis's views and actions after he entered upon his New York period. It is the exclusive Big Business alignment that renders decisively significant Mr. Davis's silence when President of the American Bar Association on illegalities involving precious human rights and his criticism of encroachments on property rights; Mr. Davis's silence about the Wilkerson injunction and the resort by his own company to the weapon against strikers which he denounced a few years earlier. In what he said and didn't say, in what he did and didn't do, since 1921, Mr. Davis faithfully reflected the outlook and interest of Big Business because, as we believe, he genuinely shares the belief of Big Business as to its functions in society.

ONE of the hopeful signs of better feeling between France and Germany was the offer of the International Workers' Relief at Paris to receive

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and care for 500 German children during the prevalence of famine conditions last winter. This humane and generous measure was forbidden by President Poincaré, who made his action part of the brutal policy of provocation which was the worst feature of the occupation of the Ruhr. After the passing of Poincaré, M. Herriot promptly accorded permission for the reception of the German children—but then appeared Dr. Karl Jarres, Minister of the Interior and Vice-Chancellor of Germany, in the rôle of refusal. The German children must stay at home. Fortunately the German press awoke to the situation—its pathos and its humor—and Dr. Jarres became such a target for ridicule that he backed down, and the French are now receiving their little guests, in sign of good will and reconciliation.

THE Young Friends of America, in conference at Richmond, Indiana, have set themselves against Mobilization Day and against war in resolutions which many who do not belong to any resolution-passing organization will feel strongly inclined to pass in their own hearts as individuals. The Young Friends are "convinced that the taking up of arms in any war is inconsistent with the life and principles of Jesus." Everybody knows this to be true, but nearly everybody chooses to forget it when war actually threatens. The Young Friends are "convinced that it is impossible for a war to end war," and they call upon "all Friends and fellow seekers throughout the world to practice aggressive goodwill in all our relations with other nations and classes." "We must not only refuse," they decide, "to take life in time of war, but we must strive unceasingly to live and act in that spirit that deigns to do no evil nor to revenge any wrong." Good luck to them.

IT is to be regretted that no industrial corporation has yet found a way to capitalize the extraordinary publicity value of the planet Mars. Press agents the country over must be gnashing their teeth at the waste of potential advertising power in the "remarkable flashes of greenish yellow light observed by Professor Schaer," a Swiss astronomer who has established himself on the Jungfrau to enjoy these sights. The obvious beneficiary is science. But sober astronomers have little use for Mars. As the New York World remarks, scientists agree that "the mentality of the Martians, if any exist, is vastly more advanced than that of our own people." It would be! In the first place, the Martians live in an excessively frigid climate, with extremely rare atmosphere and no water. Second, they are probably extinct. Third, their canals are overflowing. And finally, there is no evidence that they have any canals. In short, the Martians are distinctly a sporting proposition. They are such stuff as ads are made of, and their little lights would be a distinct addition to Broadway.

The Republican Strategy

THE speech in which Mr. Charles G. Dawes accepted the nomination for Vice-President, taken with the corresponding speech of President Coolidge, reveals clearly the nature of the Republican campaign strategy and the division of labor between the two candidates. Mr. Coolidge is to carry the flag into whose fabric the leaders expect to weave those emblems and images which are to beguile the voters into supporting the Republican party. Mr. Dawes is to flourish the sword which is supposed to strike terror into its enemies. The most conspicuous emblem on the Republican flag will consist of a portrait of Mr. Coolidge himself as an economical, imperturbable, fearless, reticent and consummate American who himself embodies the typical advantages and virtues of American life and around whose head there is gathering a halo of sanctity as the brave defender as well as the perfect exemplar of the American faith. But Mr. Coolidge, just because he is a sacred sample of what the Republican party proposes to sell to the nation as typical Americanism, cannot climb down from the pedestal and perform the rough work of selling his own personality. His position and pose call for a warlike coadjutor to tour the country and to convince hesitating buyers how superior the silent strong man is to his rivals. This task is assigned to his running mate, whose personality is so sharply contrasted with that of Mr. Coolidge—the noisy, profane, exuberant and sanguine Mr. Dawes. It is his business to expose to the American public the real nature of Mr. Coolidge's chief competitor, who must of course be the anti-type to Mr. Coolidge in every respect—who must above all be engaged in ruining the nation which Mr. Coolidge is laboring to save. This arch-enemy turns out to be, not John W. Davis, the Democratic nominee, but Robert La Follette, the Progressive.

According to the exuberant Mr. Dawes the war which the Progressives are waging against those "constitutional principles" which the American people fought to maintain through the War of the Revolution, the Civil War and the World War, constitutes the predominant issue of the campaign. Massed behind this attack is "an aggressive personality and a heterogeneous collection of those opposing the existing order of things, the greatest section of which, the Socialists, flies the Red Flag." The assault, if successful, will result in the "conflict and confusion of ideas and ideals and in the reopening of war upon those fundamental principles of human liberty and the inalienable rights of man which are giving in this country safety and opportunity to the humblest and to establish which the blood of our forefathers was shed." According to Mr. Dawes, consequently, the "predominant issue" concerns the present fate of those great principles, whatever they were, for which our forefathers fought. If Mr. Coolidge is elected, those princi-

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ples will be saved and the ghosts of our ancestors can rest in peace. But if Mr. La Follette is elected their blood will have been shed in vain. Their frivolous and disloyal descendants will have dared to embark on an experiment of their own, which their ancestors had not prescribed nor advised for them.

It has been evident for some time that the Republicans would have to direct their assault chiefly upon La Follette. In any discussion with the Democrats they were necessarily on the defensive, but it was not so with the Progressives. The Republican orators could criticize and abuse La Follette for the outrageous and incredible things which he proposed to do, and by abusing La Follette and by trying to create the impression that Coolidge and the Republican party were defending essential American institutions against a dastardly and dangerous attack, they might be able to win the votes of many hesitating Democrats. In fact the most promising tactics which the Republicans could adopt to weaken the Democrats would be to ignore their old enemies. If they could create and spread the impression that Davis and his supporters formed the neutral third party which was too timid and negative to count in opposition to its more vital and aggressive competitors, they would have a good chance both of electing Coolidge and associating the Republican party in the minds of the American people with the safety of the Republic. These are the tactics which Mr. Dawes has adopted. He describes the Democrats as "lying between these two armies of progressive conservatism and radicalism," and as "hoping to get votes by avoiding the issue." The natural inference is that if the warfare continues along the lines indicated by Mr. Dawes, the members of the Democratic party will gradually and ultimately divide themselves between the parties of their more aggressive adversaries.

The Democratic spokesmen object violently to this attempt to crowd their party into the class of non-essential neutrals. They envisage their own attitude not as neutral but rather as that of the perfect nationalists to whom class consciousness and conflict are abhorrent and who stand for the immediately undivided nation, conscious only of its own composure and integrity. But unfortunately no matter how vividly the Democrats conceive the ideal of an undivided nation and no matter how loyally they cherish it, they cannot merely by their eloquence and their protestations, either overcome the obstacles to its realization or discredit its enemies. Where a people are divided into conflicting groups by the force of incompatible activities, they cannot achieve reunion by falling back on their ideals. The reality of the ideal will depend upon the success of the adjustment which they bring about among the activities. If the ideal of an undivided nation is under existing conditions to continue operative, those who cherish it must begin by resisting its enemies—that is by checking the aggressive economic practices of Big Business and the self-satisfied and bellicose state of mind which such activities encourage in their beneficiaries.

This, too, the Democrats refused to undertake at the July convention; and having refused to do it, subsequent eloquence about an undivided nation is merely soporific verbiage.

The Democrats could have rendered Mr. La Follette's candidacy unnecessary by nominating a candidate who would have been pledged by his record and his party platform to have checked and modified those headstrong and pervasive economic activities which are now stimulating class divisions and antipathies and rendering class consciousness inevitable. Instead of doing this they nominated a candidate who is wholly unaware of the class-creative activities of Big Business and who conceives the American Republic of today as an actual embodiment of Jeffersonian Democracy and consequently an essentially fulfilled ideal. We respect the Democrats for behaving as they did. They might have pretended to be more progressive than they really are and to have won progressive support on false pretenses. But behaving as they did, they undoubtedly evaded the economic issue, as Mr. Dawes declares, and by so doing they have committed themselves to vindicating American national purpose by glorifying the idea and avoiding the conflict which is necessary to the fulfillment of that idea. They are occupying a position analogous in part to that of the Douglass Democrats and in part to that of the Bell Whigs in the election of 1860. In 1860 also an aggressive economic interest, protected by the Constitution, was in consequence of its aggression and of its attempt to appropriate for its own benefit the American national emblem and tradition, actually undermining American national integrity. The Douglass Democrats and the Bell Whigs talked eloquently about the American union but they proposed in practice to vindicate it by giving a comparatively free hand to the slave-holding autocracy. It was the Republicans who really vindicated the Union by insisting, even at the expense of being called radicals, firebrands, and destroyers of their country's liberties and traditions, on limiting and eventually modifying the economic interest whose aggressions upset the balance of American national growth.

There exists in the United States today an economic interest, protected by the Constitution, whose aggression, like that of the slave owners of 1860, is threatening the orderly balance of American national growth. This economic interest is less sectional, more powerful, more aggressive, more self-righteous and more fundamental than that of owning and exploiting Negro slaves. This preponderant interest of organized industry and finance is both rendering an indispensable service to the American nation and at the same time asking for too much by way of prestige, power and profits in return for its services. Since the Republicans have controlled the government, Big Business has become more aggres-

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sive, more grasping of power and more intolerant of opposition than at any time since the days of McKinley and Hanna. Its aggrandizement has finally aroused the opposition of classes in the community such as the wage-earners and farmers, who consider their own future security threatened by its physical and moral aggressiveness. The opposition is still confused, chaotic, and only partly articulate, but it is developing the quality of a genuinely popular movement and revolt which is building better than it knows. Its immediate embodiment is the candidacy of Robert La Follette for the Presidency, behind which there is forming an increasing conscious collection of groups which may eventually become a national progressive party. But this emerging party is not, like the old Socialist party, the product of an aggressive propaganda. It has come into existence, as did the Republican party, in order to resist aggression; and it will continue to resist until the economic interest responsible for the increasing class conflict is checked by the organized power of other economic groups and balanced and informed by the more humanely educated national consciousness of the American people.

In waging this contest the Republicans will represent the vested interests, and the acquired momentum of existing economic practices. They will, of course, claim that the effort of their adversaries to resist the class aggression which these economic activities as now carried on involve, is dangerous to the safety of American institutions and to the very existence of the American nation. This is the classic and practically the inevitable argument of all conservatives who are defending partly obsolete and excessively privileged institutions or activities. Progressives should respect the argument. It undoubtedly is a dangerous business to modify the operation of even partly obsolete institutions and activities, and the job cannot be undertaken too circumspectly and knowingly. But it is difficult to respect the argument as it is emitted by the Republican candidate for Vice-President. Mr. Dawes has never had the brains and patience to consider seriously what the attitude of his adversaries actually is, and what are the relative strength and weakness of the different parts of the line which he is obliged to defend. His attack on the Progressives and his defense of standpattism are merely the fulminations of an ignorant and foolish man. They sound like the ranting of an English Tory squire of 1830. His first important public speech proves Mr. Dawes to be really a terrible duffer. In it he started the campaign with a perfectly sound strategic plan which he was probably coached to adopt, but he handled his argument so violently and clumsily that he did his own party more harm than good. The Republican National Committee would do well quickly to place Mr. Hughes, Mr. Hoover and a few of their best minds on the stump for the purpose of correcting the effect of the fulminations of their vice-presidential candidate.

Summer Scholars

WITH the first cool breaths of autumn across the hillsides comes the end for another year of an annual American institution, unique and characteristic. Throughout the drowsy July and August days when mental activity is supposedly at lowest ebb, many thousands of men and women, sometimes young but oftener old, have been indulging in a sort of intellectual joy ride, a debauch of the brain, in scores of summer schools, conferences and camps. During these months it is impossible to go far, particularly in the northeastern quarter of the United States, without running upon some such mental potlatch, on mountainside or seashore, where an assorted group of auditors has come together to listen to lectures, participate in round tables, confer with "leaders" and gather mental stimulation which shall carry the members through another eleven months of not too exciting existence.

Such gatherings range in size all the way from the mammoth three-ring circus at Lake Chautauqua down to affairs which, were it not for the imposing titles on their letterheads, could hardly be differentiated from a somewhat protracted house party; and in prestige, from the Institute of Politics at Williamstown, described by Mr. C. E. Ayres elsewhere in this issue, with its collection of distinguished European diplomats, down to the conference of Sunday school teachers from the Second Methodist Church of Oak Bluffs, which is addressed by their pastor and by the superintendent from the Sunday School of the First Methodist Church. Some of these midsummer gatherings seek to make the world safe for Christianity; others, safe from it. If you know the ropes, you may spend your summer at sessions dedicated to forwarding or blocking almost any social or economic theory; or you may shiver in the rarefied atmosphere of a search for abstract truth in which, you are assured, the searchers start encumbered by no spiritual baggage whatsoever.

Why do the thousands come to these meetings, in numbers which increase from year to year with a speed like the growth of tropical jungle plants? Partly, perhaps, because one must go somewhere on one's vacation, the meetings are held in attractive localities, and lecture and conference constitute an addition to the possible list of Things to Do. For large quantities of communicants, of course, professional advancement is aided by attendance: the Y. M. C. A. or Y. W. C. A. worker who omitted to attend the annual gathering of the tribe would feel somewhat out of things thereafter. But no such utilitarian motive mars the loyalty of the great mass of those who gather, in tent or roughly built tabernacle, to hear Professor Squibb's lecture on "International Relations," or Professor Squiddle's report (with stereoptican slides) on "Chief Artists of the Italian Renaissance."

Theirs is the spirit in which ten million of their

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brothers and sisters visit the tents of the travelling Chautauqua; the spirit which each winter plows faithfully through the course of study laid out by the local Woman's Club; the spirit which causes this country to buy in endless quantities Wells's Outline of History for themselves, and children's encyclopedias for their offspring. It is in the main an amiable desire to progress socially and intellectually; to fill up the interstices in an education whose defects are all too painfully apparent. It is part of the same general complex of emotions which makes one wish to be a good parent and citizen. Though it may be and often is accompanied by rigid conservatism in the fields of politics and morals, it is also likely to be humanitarian and liberal toward problems so remote that a dispassionate attitude is possible. The summer conference audience, taken as a whole, is in favor of the League of Nations. It wants somebody to abolish war (though it was rigidly patriotic in 1917-18). It is opposed to child labor, believes in prohibition, is worried about the wildness of youth, and thinks the writings of Dr. Henry Van Dyke are perfectly beautiful. Speaking in general, it is magnificently ignorant of economics, of history, and of the pressing national necessities which underlie present European and Asiatic politics.

Probably but a small part of the mass of fact and falsehood with which this audience is stuffed each summer is ever reflected in any subsequent conduct. Most of it goes in one ear and out the other, pausing only long enough to provide material for a dinner conversation or two. To generalize on this point, however, is somewhat dangerous. Everyone knows that the Protestant churches of America have lately been developing remarkable liberalism, exerted effectively on a national scale through various boards and councils. There is good reason to believe that the outlook on life which is implicit in this liberalism is developed and perhaps sometimes originated in the sort of gathering of which the summer conference is typical. It is also demonstrable that here and there an individual goes forward a little faster because of the impetus derived from contact with a vigorous "platform personality." Every summer lecturer worth his salt leaves behind him a chain of readers for hitherto unknown books and periodicals recommended by him.

We may face the matter still more pragmatically and ask, what would all these thousands be doing with their time if they were not listening to "The Unrest in the Mohammedan World," or "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature." Perhaps playing golf (though the stratum which goes in for sports and that which listens to lectures barely overlap at present); but more probably doing deadly battle in the armchair armada on the front porch.

Intellectual activity need not be of a high order to be preferable to the vacuous vacation which for the average American of the type we are discussing is the alternative to the summer conference.

Electioneering on the Air

BY an accident of fate the radio has become a political fact of the first importance. It received its baptism at the national conventions. The chance that rules these things brought it to pass that the year of a uniquely confused presidential election should also be the year of greatest expansion of a new form of amusement. During the past twelve months millions of people have been putting on the head phones in the first flush of curiosity. To supply the demand of the listeners scores of broadcasting stations have sprung up and have drawn upon every conceivable form of audible entertainment and instruction for their meat. What more natural than that the microphones should be installed in the convention halls and the public at large invited to attend the deliberations of their parties? The whole thing was carried through in the spirit of curiosity on the part of the public and of naive business enterprise on the part of the radio companies which did the broadcasting. The politicians seem hardly to have been conscious of what was happening.

But the result was one to dismay the most hardened political cynic. The public did listen in, most extensively. Furthermore it was fascinated, horrified, and finally amused. The abysmal emptiness of the nominating speeches seems to have been amplified, in transmission, beyond the endurance of human ears. Used to a rapid change of auditory diet, the listeners turned off their batteries against the flood of hour after hour of inanity. During the long days of polling, at Madison Square Garden, the monotonous recurrence of "Alabama votes twenty-four votes for Oscar W. Underwood" became a matter for nation-wide jest. Friends would gather, tune in with the convention, receive a recurring wave of weary and obstinate balloting and tune out again with obscene execrations. The profane and exasperated asides of party managers whispered broadcast to a million auditors became the sensation of the moment in the radio world. In short, it was a moment of twilight in the political Valhallas. Thus "politics by radio" began in curiosity and ended in disillusionment.

The psychology of radio disillusionment is perfectly simple. The radio listener is free of the two most powerful compulsions of the crowd, emotional contagion and mass disapproval. Sitting all alone in his own den with his feet on the lounge and his pipe in his mouth, the radio fan is in the least propitious mood possible for the reflection of the emotions of perfervid oratory. What would go down in a close hall draped with flags and packed with a rustling multitude ready to give tongue on the slightest provocation if only to relieve its own pent up nervous tension falls as flat as a late breakfast in the solitude of the headphones. The debunking of environmental influence is complete. Furthermore the radio public is under no restraint. In the hall itself one may feel a difference of opinion but one

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must suppress it. At the radio one can make faces at the speaker, call him bad names, or dropping the phones for a moment indulge in vehement refutation to one's heart's content, all without discommoding the rest of the audience in the least or feeling the slightest embarrassment. The fear of being conspicuous is completely removed. The effect is, definitely, electrical; the tamest man can roar "No!" without let or hindrance. Most particularly, he can get up and leave. He can even run irresponsibly in and out. Tiring of buncombe he can move across to a concert in Philadelphia or a prize fight in Patterson for half an hour, returning after the interlude to sample politics again. This is a test to which party rhetoricians are unaccustomed.

Indeed, the adjustment of electioneering rhetoric to the requirements of the radio public would seem to be quite impossible. The chief ingredients of ordinary political oratory are repetition and pose. An electioneering tour has been a long ramble through a tangle of doubtful states punctuated by daily repetitions of a single harangue with only slight trimmings to suit the provincial climate. On each stop the speech gets printed more or less fully in the local papers. The metropolitan correspondents, tagging along as morose camp followers in the aspirential train, content themselves with local gossip, the manna of human interest features and an occasional fresh paragraph of "statesmanlike" prognostication. All this will now be available in full to every possessor of a "crystal set." And this course of political eavesdropping will be unrelieved by any magnetic radiations of personality. For the radio fan there will be no shakings of the hand. His baby will repose all unkissed by the future President. Even the stock tricks by which the skilled campaigner arouses public sympathy will be wasted on the "air." The famous teeth of Teddy, his melodramatic fist, the portentous solemnity of Dr. Wilson, the oozing joviality of Warren, all will be lost on the head phones. In Chicago they tell the story of J. Ham Lewis, once the beau of the Senate, that he never made a campaign speech except under a doctor's orders to desist on account of the complete ruin of his throat. He would begin in the most pitiable whisper, resolved to do his dying duty by the public, work up gradually to a raucous roar and finally, under the transporting excitement of noble thoughts, loose the full force of a really excellent delivery. To eye witnesses it made a very pretty exhibition. To the radio fan it would be just so much static.

Then what shall the candidate do? It will be quite impossible to shake off the microphones. In the first place that might have been accomplished. The theory might have been put forward that the radio is an instrument of amusement and that the conduct of affairs of state (the Republican convention) would be demeaned in the public esteem by association with the Mazola orchestra. But it is too late for that now. A precedent has been established. No candidate can now suggest severing relations with the aerials without having the white feather permanently affixed to his good repute. Ultimately a form of hokum will be devised that can be counted on to captivate the radio listener. But there is small comfort now in that distant future. No one knows what it will be, or is likely to find out in time to invest in it during this campaign. In short, only one course is open: full frontal attack. In the absence of subterfuge the campaign will have to relapse to naive candor.

The ostensible function of the electoral campaign is so simple as to be almost preposterous, namely, the genuine education of the electorate. The copy book theory of "civics" presumes on the part of each candidate a sincere desire to educate his constituents in the subtleties of statecraft and in the implications of the policies endorsed by him. The theory runs something like this. The vital institution of democratic government is the election. In this institution an electorate and a group of candidates function in relation to each other. The vital function of the electorate is the registry of a free and enlightened choice; that of the candidates is the enlightenment of the electorate. Some of the world's greatest speeches were made by candidates for office before the Athenian demos. In this fashion the electorate was educated in the problems of government and enabled to register a free and enlightened choice at the polls.

All of which sounds unutterably naive and jejune. It has that callow simplicity which characterizes the text books of the lower schools. It overlooks all the complexities of modern party government. Well, that is exactly what the radio has done. It has found a way to dispense with political middlemen. In a fashion it has restored the demos upon which republican government is founded. No candidate will be able to stand up to it who is unprepared to enlighten the electorate. There is only one recipe. No one will capture the radio vote unless he faces the microphones squarely and speaks his mind, fully, candidly, and in extenso. And of the present trio only one is in a position to do exactly that.

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Farmer Versus Labor

THE "illogical" combination of farmer and industrial worker as represented in the candidacy of La Follette and Wheeler is pretty generally admitted to be the outstanding feature of this political campaign year. That it is illogical scarcely any editorial writer has difficulty in proving. The argument is not new on the Atlantic seaboard, and oh, how familiar it is to the inhabitant of the grain country!

There is an essential, fundamental and basic conflict of interests. The farmer is a capitalist and his interests are with capitalists, not with the wage-workers. Moreover, high industrial wages mean high prices for shoes, clothing, agricultural implements, flivvers, canned vegetables and other things on and with which the farmer subsists and carries on his activity. Conversely, the worker wants his bread and meat cheap and he can't have it so if the farmer gets what he wants politically and economically.

This is so well known to us that to repeat it is scarcely argument. It has become axiomatic. It is a part of the economic-political gospel which is the unwritten collateral Constitution of the United States. It is the law of supply and demand enacted into a unified common concept. It is one of the statutes of public opinion.

One recalls that this theme has been so constantly worked over by the St. Paul Pioneer-Press and the Minneapolis Journal and some other less or more distinguished media of public enlightenment that it used to be said they "kept it standing" and merely picked it off the storage galleys and slipped it into the editorial columns on frequent orders from above. But this was a facetious remark that didn't do justice either to the earnestness or the argumentative resourcefulness of the editorial writers. Probably they believed thoroughly in the soundness and elemental importance of the doctrine and did not wish to see anybody go wrong, even though not a constant reader.

In view of all this it is amazing that there should be a farmer-labor movement. The editorial writers have been placed almost in the absurd position of the lawyer who assured his client that: "They can't put you in jail for that." "But I am in jail," was the relevant reply, it will be remembered.

Like anything that actually exists, the farmer-labor movement can be explained after a fashion. Illogical or not, it came to be. One might explain it on grounds of economic theory, telling why it was possible for the thing that has happened to happen. One might explain it historically, telling how it actually did happen; or one might explain it by reference to the mental processes of the persons concerned in the movement, which would be a part of the history of the happening and in turn would be affected by economic theory.

It seems to the present writer that the economic logic of the matter is of future rather than present importance. What is of more present importance is what the farmer and the industrial worker in the regions where the farmer-labor movement has sprung up think now and have thought in the past of the logic of their union, and how they came to think it.

For the fact is, the movement did not spring out of the logic of the circumstances wholly. It was "artificial" in just about the sense that everything humans do is artificial. It didn't grow. It was built.

The farmer-labor movement, as it exists in the states from the Mississippi to the Pacific coast today, is without a question the immediate progeny of the Nonpartisan League, the "Socialistic" farmers' movement originating in North Dakota in 1915. It has had other ancestors, of course, one of them the La Follette organization in Wisconsin, but the Nonpartisan League is its parent. The facts of its organization and strength are mainly due to the work of Arthur C. Townley and the extraordinary group of rough-and-ready high pressure political evangelists he gathered about him in the years 1915 to 1918.

Townley and his associates deliberately gave the movement of agrarian protest and revolt its bias of conciliation toward, and invitation to alliance with, organized labor. The practical purpose of this, as soon as the League had stepped out of the boundaries of North Dakota in 1916, was quite evident. Minnesota had too large an industrial population to be won over for the farmers alone. An alliance of some sort was necessary. The situation in Montana was similar, and there were visions even then of a great movement of national sweep.

To effect this alliance obstacles had to be met. There were suspicion and traces of hostility on both sides to be overcome. The axiom of the conflict of interest between the two classes had been well advertised and was generally apprehended. But labor was not difficult to win. It was won by the simple expedient of pledging support to the whole program of moderate political reforms desired by the labor unions. In North Dakota in 1919 a set of laws that out-ran what had been the fondest dreams of the handful of trades union members in that state was enacted. Union leaders were appointed to state administrative offices and honorary boards.

This was giving a good deal to labor, and the transaction had to be "sold" to the farmer. In North Dakota it was largely a straight appeal to his generosity. The proposed laws were just. Women and children in industry must be protected. The workingman was being "exploited" by the same identical forces and persons as the farmer. He, too,

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was entitled to relief. To these appeals in Minnesota and in other states there were added the practical advantages of an alliance and its practical necessity if victory was to be brought about.

It is true that these appeals did not win all the farmers nor all of labor at the time. They have not won them all yet, but they have gone on doing their work and they have constituted probably the most significant feature of the present-day agrarian movement—certainly its most sinister feature in the eyes of opponents.

Obviously this sort of argument and these considerations were not weighty enough to have borne down any very deeply or strongly based feeling of hostility between the two classes. There was no such hostility to be met. The theory of what ought to exist was of small importance beside the fact.

And the fact was that the farmer felt himself to be and was, socially speaking, of the same class as the industrial worker in those northwestern states. He mixed readily with his city "brother." There were many farmers who could not easily be distinguished from artisans, many artisans who could not be distinguished from farmers in the same gathering. They "talked the same language." Especially they talked of their common political and economic antagonism toward the group which dominated their state politically and economically.

The economic conflict between town and country is as old as the existence of towns. It began in the west as soon as settlement began. It has been taken up by one granger movement after another. It has become a battle at one time over grain grading, at another over warehouse control, at another for the existence of coöperative elevators, at another over railroads, at another over interest rates, at another for state-owned elevators. But whatever the specific issue, all through it has run the vein of resentment on the part of the farmers at domination by the towns—domination politically and domination economically. This resentment always has been ready to quicken into fire over some grievance and to be fortified by the illusive hope that now the farmers were to sweep the state and seize power.

In his battle for coöperative marketing, for instance, the farmer has found himself arrayed first against the operator of the small town and country-siding grain elevator, and then against the big terminal elevator organizations in Minneapolis or Chicago. Then he has discovered that he is combatting a whole group of interlocking interests—line elevator men, lumber dealers, flour millers, machinery manufacturers—united as members of the directorates of the chief banks, investors in each others' properties and associates in grain exchanges and chambers of commerce.

These are identically the interests with which the organized workingman comes into conflict. They are the "capitalist class," but more accurately they are the directors of industry and trade and the custodians of community wealth. It is they who oppose eight-hour day movements, municipal ownership, state control of natural resources and all the various projects in which labor is interested. It becomes rather idle argument to tell the farmer that economically he belongs to this class when he finds that both in the economic field, when he seeks a remedy for his marketing troubles in coöperation, and in the political field when he seeks to use the power of the state to benefit his condition, he finds himself locked in relentless conflict with his fellow "capitalists." It is a living fact, not an economic theory, with which he deals. In the political field he finds it far easier to effect an adjustment with the program of union labor than with the spokesmen of industry and banking who make up the controlling nucleus of the party "regulars" in the legislature.

This, at least, has been the experience in the northwestern states where there has arisen a farmer representation not chosen or controlled by the old partisan leadership.

There is a distinction between farmers, not everywhere thoroughly understood, which implies the farmer's own classification of himself as a social and economic unit. It is the distinction between the "dirt farmer" and the man who is merely "interested in farming." In other words, it is the distinction between the farmer regarded as a laborer and the farmer regarded as a capitalist—between the working farmer and the investing farmer. The dirt farmer rejects the idea that the man who is merely a farm capitalist or proprietor is a farmer at all. The farmer regards himself as one who with his own sturdy limbs and calloused hands wrestles with the land for his daily bread. Any other vision of himself seems to him ridiculous, as indeed it is.

This is the view that must inevitably be taken by those who put in year after year of the most exhausting toil and find their net return, that product which they are able to use for the support of their families and the liquidation of their debts, to be but a very meagre wage when considered on a day-labor basis. If a few here and there by fortunate speculation—commonly identified as superior executive ability—have placed themselves above the necessity of toil from daylight to dark, they may come to regard themselves as members of the employed and investing class. There is such a class of farmers. They are found not infrequently in politics. There is a tendency to use them as political bell-wethers for the whole farmer group.

It is characteristic of the farmer-labor movement that it is a laboring farmer or "dirt farmer" movement, made up of men who ride their own plows, who stumble along in the dust of their own harrows, who milk their own cows by lantern-light and "doctor" their own sick horses.

Another factor in the community of interest between the industrial worker and the farmer in the northwest deserves mention. Their social homogeneity is illustrated by the fact that there is a con-

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stant drift between the classes. From ditch digging to the construction of the most intricate machines, one can find not only former farm boys but men who have been or are farmers "on their own" in many shops. It is not unusual for a farmer to accept work in winter at his auxiliary trade. And, conversely, one finds on the farms men who know how to repair locomotives, to plaster houses, to string high tension lines or to swing a bridge beam into place and rivet it. This is a part of the answer to the apparent implication of statistics of farmers' earnings that many of them must have starved to death.

Farmers are notoriously jacks of all trades. They have become increasingly so in the mechanical age. Not only do they build houses and barns, paint, plaster and lay brick and stone, dig ditches and patch up wagons and harvesters, but now they grind valves and tinker with magnetos and generators.

Unquestionably there is a lure to farming. The dirt farmer hoots at the talk of the glories of the independent life of the farmer and the love of the soil—just as other men deny or avoid mention of their deepest sentiments. This and the speculative lure—for all farming is speculative and grain farming especially so—draw recruits constantly to the soil and return them or others as they are vanquished by the rigors of farm life. Very largely these recruits come from the class of skilled workmen and frequently go back to it.

Thus when one talks of the conflict of interest between farmer and laborer it is somewhat like talking of the conflict of interest between the producer and the consumer—rare birds and hard to find in their unique capacities. There are many "inevitable conflicts," economically speaking. Farmers constitute one of many groups of working producers whose products all go into general consumption. All trades are in competition with one another, and there is a certain diversity of interest even between two merchants on the same street. But there may be a community of interest or a community of purpose which will outweigh the differences, or seem to do so, which may have the same effect.

The present political excursion might be regarded as a field test of the dogma that the political and economic interests of farmer and laborer are too widely apart to permit them to work in harmony.

HERBERT E. GASTON.

Our Professional Patriots

II. Patriotic Perils

EACH has a duty that should be a patriotic privilege: to ferret out the sly agents of anarchy, to mark their comings and goings and associations and to lead them and their dupes into the light of day. The Department of Justice of the United States, dedicated to the continual welfare of all the people, will welcome such aid on the part of energetic citizens and a personal sense of duty to country well performed will yield to them a permanent satisfaction."—There Is Bolshevist Activity in Your Neighborhood (Industrial Progress, January, 1924).

In the New York offices of the Allied Patriotic Societies, Inc., they were discussing a speech. The allies are supposed to be "fifty-seven societies, among which are the oldest societies in America, with some seven million national members." "They" comprised Mr. Dwight Braman, the president, and a gentleman whose name I did not catch, but who evidently sings basso for the Allied Patriotic Speakers' Bureau. It was an occasion of some moment. A students' forum at the University of Pennsylvania had just presumed to invite assorted patriots to debate against Mr. Roger Baldwin. Mr. R. M. Whitney of the American Defense Society, (who died a few days ago, since this article was put into type), had refused indignantly and impolitely to appear in any such company.

Now Mr. Baldwin is chiefly famous because he manfully paid the patriotic piper for his conscientious objections during the war and because he has since served as host to the fretful and insistent membership of the American Civil Liberties Union. You can see at once what the Allied Patriotic Societies, Inc., was up against. But it stood the strain, true to the best American tradition. "I'll tell them," the orator resolved, "that he's been in jail and then I'll give them some Kipling."

Thin gruel for those aspiring young Pennsylvanians, but the Allied Patriots always know how. A little time ago they were busily explaining that they had not, seriously, advocated an ordinance to prohibit the speaking of anything but English on the streets of New York. And, when Governor Smith repealed the Lusk laws, didn't President Braman go right up to Albany and tell them all? He did that. "The Reds are holding 10,000 meetings in this country every week," he told them, "and 350 radical newspapers have been established here in the last six months." And, what's more, "owing to complications known to the authorities, there will be a special session of Congress within three months, and, within four months, Your Excellency, for the same reason, will be compelled to call the Legislature to convene in extraordinary session."

What was the reason? Mr. Braman didn't like to say, "at the time." But there could only be one answer. Revolution. Hadn't the American De-

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fense Society already scheduled the revolution for the weeks immediately following Mr. Harding's election? There was a story, too, that Mr. Braman, who is a member of the New York Stock Exchange, had persuaded that body to buy a machine gun. All in honor of repealing the Lusk laws, and I am so fond of that story that I have never had the heart to verify it. Certainly Mr. Braman went hammer and tongs after the incipient liberalism of the Episcopal Diocese of New York. His circular letter about the Episcopalians and their anti-Lusk resolution created no end of a stir. You'd be surprised at how many of the fifty-seven societies listed on his letter head wrote to say that they had never heard of him or of the Allied Patriotic Societies either.

Oh, yes, Mr. Braman has crossed worse bars than the Pennsylvania forum, and there he sits, like patience on the monument of the Lusk laws, waiting for his revolution which is now a little more than a year overdue. But that overdue revolution needn't shake our faith for a moment. Why, it was the Communists who put the soldiers up to wanting a bonus. The Communists put the Quakers up to opposing war. The Communists backed the Senate investigation of the oil scandals and of Daugherty. Every labor man who doesn't take his orders from Sam Gompers is a Communist and aims to dynamite the White House. The Moscow Art Theatre and the Chauve Souris and Fyodor Chaliapin were no better than propagandizing agencies of the Soviets, over here to collect money to help the Third Internationale take over our government. With the possible exception of a few sewing circles (Church Guilds have become highly suspicious), all women's organizations are chapters of the Bolshevist fraternity which has 10,000 paid subverters and 422,000 paying members in this country. Our school children are rapidly being turned into scarlet revolutionists. Atheism and nationalization of women are getting to be every day occurrences. As for "the most dangerous woman in America," placed end to end, she forms the direct line of communication between Washington and Moscow and there isn't a more dangerous man in America than Percy Mackaye.

This isn't funny. This is an abbreviated list of the bright objects with which militant, professional patriotism catches the eye of the American banderlog. Sign on the dotted line and become one of what the National Security League calls "our great army of militant patriots scattered throughout the country."

Journalistically, I believe in the Athenian idea of suicide for sinners, and I submit my authority for the most ridiculous of those bright objects, a paragraph from Mr. R. M. Whitney's The Reds in America which bears the heading, "Use Stage for Propaganda." It reads:

> The theatre, opera stage and motion picture industry are being used by the international organization to further the work in America and to get more American dollars to aid the situation in Russia. Every actor or actress, dancer or opera singer, before being permitted to leave Russia, has to sign an agreement to pay one third of his or her receipts in America to the Soviet government at Moscow; and the organization has agents in this country to collect the moneys. Theatrical companies of excellent artists are organized by the Moscow Communist authorities, or by their direction, to show the United States what is being done in Russia under Communism. Singers are sent here by indirect management of the Communist officials, and at least a third of the money they get goes to the coffers of the Communist Internationale whose chief interest in America at the present time is the overthrow of this government by force of arms.

I don't know that it is important to point out that Chaliapin learned to sing a good many years before the historic spring of 1917 saw the end of the Czar's government and that Stanislavsky has been a good many years teaching men and women to act the plays of Tchekov. Certainly it is not important to point that out to the public who heard Chaliapin or saw the Moscow Art Theatre. But to Mr. Elon Hooker, who employed Whitney and is chairman or president or what not of the American Defense Society, such facts are Greek if not Sanscrit. There is a story of Mr. Hooker devoutly looking for bombs in the gutter before the Al Jolson Theatre while the Russians were playing their first amazing season there. But then, neither Hooker nor Whitney ever learned the difference between the Russian government and the Third Internationale. No good patriot will admit that there is a difference.

The American Defense Society (I have Mr. Whitney to thank for that one on Percy Mackaye) which, in war time "aroused the country to demand unconditional surrender" and, later, concentrated on "insisting that the government shall not sanction trade with Soviet Russia" and which now "continues its campaign of combatting insidious propaganda by advising employers of such activities and warning them of threatened outbreaks," will "gladly act as your agent in the battle against Communism and Red Radicalism. Send your check for $50.00 or as much as you can afford."

Ralph Easley knows better than these Junker methods. He has the insinuating approach to every good American heart. In his Questions for Every Good American to Consider, he says:

> For the last two years my wife and I have been reading and studying Socialism and Bolshevism . . . We have listened to Socialists in their halls and at the street corners; we have heard them in church circles, social clubs and educational meetings. Among the speakers were clergymen of prominence, professors from important universities, and principals and teachers from the public schools, with, now and then, an editor . . . We have come to detest the very word Socialism . . . We regard the doctrines of economic determinism as an abomination leading straight to atheism and the destruction of the family. We regard their theory of internationalism with its contempt for

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love of country as one leading to disloyalty to our government and the destruction of all nationality . . .

We have three sons and two daughters, two being ready for college and the other three still in the public schools . . . Have we not a duty to see that their minds are not poisoned in school and college by attending classes taught by Socialist teachers and professors? In one noted women's college, where we thought of sending our daughter, we found that one of the most important professors was a woman who boasted that she had been a Socialist for thirty years . . .

Again, my family are members of the ———— Church, and there we face the same danger of Socialism, but in a more insidious and subtle form . . . the minister constantly harping upon "social injustice," "capitalism," and "the awful conditions of labor under our present system." . . We have been taught to beware of tainted money. Is it not just as necessary to beware of tainted preaching and teaching?

Then again, we are subscribers to several philanthropic agencies and charities and my wife is a member of some of their boards. In their organizations she frequently finds Socialists filling important positions . . . I have subscribed substantially to college, church and charity endowment funds and had expected to subscribe still more until I discovered the undermining work of the radicals in these institutions . . .

Again, I am an advertiser . . . in my own business, and I have been shocked to find that I was advertising in publications which I regard as wholly dangerous sheets . . .

Shall we go on contributing to or patronizing any institutions that cannot show 100 percent Americanism or that are not free from professors who advocate Socialism or any of its appendages . . . ?

The answer is obvious. A thousand times, no!

If the parents of the children . . . and the patriotic members of the churches and of the college alumni should organize and all three groups join hands, there would soon be created in this country a force which could beat down the impudent pretensions of the comparatively few, but noisy, shallow individuals who advocate freedom to teach and to preach contempt for our institutions . . .

And who, if you please,

have so intimidated the responsible boards of directors and trustees of our public institutions that they are afraid to rid their pulpits, their classrooms and their organizations of these teachers of disloyalty and revolution lest they should be attacked as "stand-patters," "witch hunters" and "minions of Wall Street."

In Ralph Easley's catalogue of perils I see, I regret to state, the creed of the militant American patriot of today. Now all of these militant patriots are very strong for the Spirit of '76. I, too, am strong for the Spirit of '76 and I hark back with them to the Declaration of Independence and the clear and courageous files of the Federalist and I say: If we have, in fact, seven millions who believe with Ralph Easley and Company, I am highly in favor of a society to promote the increase of our per capita consumption of potassium cyanide.

Fred R. Marvin, Keyman of the Keymen—and Women—of America, comes out more brutally about these terrors that surround us; comes right out in the open, strong, two-fisted man that he is. He says:

Nowadays there is too much howling about "Brotherly Love" and "Internationalism" . . . "Brotherly Love," "Internationalism," "No More War," "Peace and Freedom," "Industrial Democracy," are all beautiful expressions in the abstract, but not one of those slogans originated in the mind of an American. All of them were manufactured in other lands and sent across the water to this country to destroy the morale of the American people that we, in the end, might, as a nation, be destroyed.

And quite right Mr. Marvin is about that foreign origin, if you stop to think how much of that subversive philosophy originated as far away as Palestine. And though it does seem a bit thick to accuse Jesus of designs on our Republican form of government, you can't stop for trifles when you're saving the world for patriotism and the American Defense Society has got to circulate its million leaflets a year and the National Security League has got to create its "isles of safety in every community" and "orally instruct over 100,000 school teachers" in ways and means "to save America's soul." With such gigantic tasks on hand, you can't really stop for anything.

Mr. Marvin is, as I have said, Keyman of the Keymen—and Women—of America. More than that, he is the author of Bootlegging Mind Poison, Underground with the Reds, and My Country, 'Tis of Thee. To become a Keyman—or Woman—of America you sign a pledge to read the Searchlight Department (of which Mr. Marvin is the editor) in the New York Commercial every morning. Mr. Marvin calls his department "a correspondence course in radicalism." It is really a kind of daily Grand Guignol of patriotic perils, conceived and carried out in the vein of "Did you know that . . .?" "Do you realize that . . .?" and "Can you be blind to the fact that . . .?"

One Keyman writes:

I have read the Searchlight, your editorials and other data for the advancement and preservation of American ideals and traditions and, as I read it daily, I thank God that there is one newspaper whose policy is dictated by common sense, truth and patriotism. I am seventy-four years of age, born within a block of the Bunker Hill monument . . . and, to your index of eighty files of the Searchlight I have added a dozen more and expect to increase that number to take in all the doings of the destroying angels . . .

Of course, boys will be boys wherever they are born, and I hasten to explain what this amateur Bolshevist hunter means by the Searchlight files.

One of the principal duties of a Keyman is to keep a file. You clip the Searchlight daily. Each little article bears its title and number from one to eighty. Once a week Mr. Marvin provides his membership with an index of "Subversive Movements

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against the American Government, Political and Labor Radicals, Communists and the 'Pinks'." The titles include American Federation of Labor; American Legion, Fights Against; Anti-Fascist Alliance of N. A.; Anti-Christianity Movements; Liberalism and Its Work; Legislation, Radical; Gompers, Samuel; Garland Fund; Churches, Radicalism in; Third Party Movements; Lumber Industry, Radicalism Affecting; Metal Mining, Radicalism Affecting; Steel Industry, Radicalism Affecting; Schools and Colleges, Radicalism in; England, Radicalism in; and even Movies, Radicalism in. There are also divisions on Women's Organizations, Anti-Military Movements, Child Labor and, strange as it may seem (although I have already hinted as much) Open Shop Movements.

I select a few plums from the Searchlight pudding and set them before you. Under "Communist Party of America," for example, I find the following:

> There are some who have been wondering if the tremendous impetus given the present oil investigation does not have back of it some agencies working to prevent the real facts being brought out through the Senatorial Committee named to investigate Communist propaganda in this country . . . The number of sub- unwittingly increases each day. The ease with which speakers get before schools, colleges, churches and public audiences becomes more pronounced.

Clearly, Mr. Marvin belongs to Ralph Easley and Company. Again, on the same subject:

> It would appear that the true revolutionary elements have gained control of considerable power which they are able to direct, as they are now directing a campaign of falsity from Washington which is accomplishing the ends sought by international Communism . . . Stratagem, adroitness and subterfuge appear to have been used to great advantage by the Communists in leading sinversive organizations continues to grow. The number of well-meaning men and women who are giving aid cere Senators into a web from which they will have great difficulty in extricating themselves.

It must be remembered that part of Mr. Marvin's campaign to "sustain American ideals and American institutions" is a heated defense of Burns and Daugherty. Under "The Non-Partisan League" I find:

> And it must not be over-looked that the attack is not on Daugherty, the man, but on Daugherty, the Attorney-General of the United States. What these elements seek is to so intimidate government officials that such officials dare not move to check the purposes of Communism.

Mr. Marvin lost what judgment he possesses in this particular advocacy. He wrote to Montana for what he termed the "low down" on Senator Walsh. Which ill-considered attempt to protect his hero got him read into the Congressional Record by the irate and intractable Senator Wheeler. Mr. Marvin justified his methods by proving that Senator Walsh is an occasional contributor to the New Republic, "a recognized radical publication." But that, to be sure, comes under the head of good, clean fun.

In his more perspicacious moments Mr. Marvin discovers that

> It is only in this respect of a bloody revolution that the objects and purposes of the Socialists differ from those of the Communists . . .

That lurid fact is brought out in the course of a discussion of Public Ownership Movements. He also favored the Immigration Bill with rather a cute back-swipe at its critics, observing

> that there is not a Communist publication in the United States, so far as we have been able to check, whether of the downright Red or of the palish Pink, that is not denouncing the proposed Immigration bill and calling to their support as agreement provisions of the very Constitution . . . which they propose to destroy. No doubt there are honest, sincere, loyal American citizens who do not approve of the bill but they appear in the minority among those seeking to prevent its passage . . .

And will do well, perhaps, to mend their ways and attach themselves to more respectable society.

I like Mr. Marvin least when he is reporting on the week of good works accomplished by the Searchlight Department through the Keymen—andWomen—of America. For example:

> In one locality exposed the plan to secure money through the sale of an alleged "veteran magazine," which magazine has for its purpose the teaching of Socialism.
>
> In one locality exposed the plan to organize the World War Veterans, a subsidiary organization of the Communist party.
>
> In one locality supplied data which prevented clever subversive speakers getting before legitimate women's organizations to spread Socialism.
>
> Furnished special data to four persons to speak before noon-day luncheon clubs.
>
> Furnished data to a western railroad which enabled it to expose certain radical activities of persons working in its territory.
>
> Furnished data to one national organization engaged in exposing radicalism that enabled it to meet a local situation.
>
> Furnished special data to eight different Keymen on activities in their respective localities and which enabled them to materially interfere with these radical activities. . .
>
> Every reader of the Searchlight Department is urged to keep his eyes open for any meetings in his community. . .

The Commercial claims direct descent from the New York Price Current, established in 1796. It is, therefore, venerable. It is also Open Shop and here we return to the patriotic hinterland of the ulterior motive. That is not quite such good, clean fun. The Searchlight says:

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> It is perfectly clear to anyone why boring from within has not been successful in the Open Shop . . . There is no organization directed by outside and often distant influences. The men work as individuals. The heads of departments can easily spot . . . the Communist agitators and they are at once dismissed. The men, working in such a way that individual advancement is possible, at all times do all they can to expose the agitators. In all Open Shop plants where they have plant organizations of the workers, those in charge of such organizations, being sincere and loyal American citizens, are active in exposing every Communist who seeks to enter . . .

There is this to be said for Ralph Easley's patriotic labor platform: that however unfair he may be to those who oppose Sam Gompers and however little representative of American labor at large, he has never openly submitted to any open shop domination. The Commercial's patriotic campaigns are one long Open Shop idyll. The Commercial is praised for its fearless labor stand by the western Citizens' Alliance, a relic, if I am not mistaken, of that same oath-bound civilian mob which bore the same name in the palmy days of Colorado massacres and deportations. Proudly the Commercial quotes this praise on the same page with the Searchlight Department and with its stellar series of articles to demonstrate the unblemished bliss of life, here and there and wherever the Open Shop movement has been able to realize heaven upon earth. Indeed, the Commercial all but makes a synonym of union membership and Communism. One hates to call any paper a "minion of Wall Street," but when the Commercial triumphantly uncovers Communism in the Actors' Equity Association by proving, beyond any possible shadow of doubt that the actors presented the Foster trial fund with $250.00 one really is tempted to slap somebody's wrist.

SIDNEY HOWARD.

(This is the second of a series of articles, of which the third will appear in an early issue.)

Education by Celebrity

"LOOKS like a gathering of the youth movement, doesn't it?"

Spurred by insistent warnings from the press men that I must go early to the evening lectures if I wanted to hear, I had taken up a position more than half an hour ahead of time. Nevertheless the hall was a quarter full already. A solid phalanx of white haired ladies occupied the first dozen rows with the air of proprietorship that comes of established habit. Immediately behind me a young and irresponsible professor in his late thirties was intrepidly making the acquaintance of a not unredeemable girl of indeterminate age. Excited by the audacity of her adventure she hazarded the repartee at the expense of the old ladies. But she repented immediately and relapsed into moral and verbal Bostonese. "They come early and take the best, and well they may, say I! Youth can fight for what it gets." At my side youth's battle was going on. Throughout the lecture a valiant little Miss struggled against torrents of culture for her birthright of juvenility by trying to make her handkerchief stick to the back of the chair in front with chewing gum.

The lecturer commences. He is a young Japanese publicist (the son-in-law of a viscount!). In elaborately emphatic English he describes the development of democracy. The old Japan was feudal, he says. The overthrow of the Shogunate was not followed by a disappearance of feudalism. Parliament has not been perfectly responsive to the will of the people. Elections have been subject to suspicion of corruption; ministries have been irresponsible. But the war created a middle class resting upon commerce and industry from which a liberal movement may be expected. It is already apparent, indeed, in the conversion of the Boxer indemnity to cultural objects in China to the end of Pan-Asiatic good will. He tells two jokes, one on the ability of the audience to understand his Japanese and another on the sea changes English suffers in crossing the Pacific. The following day I am to hear one recounted five times, and the other thrice.

The students of the Williamstown Institute of Politics are called "members" partly, no doubt, because they do not study and partly out of deference to their age. They are said to consist of three groups: college professors (both sexes), lady lecturers on current events and retired admirals. Rumor has it that the last named were ordered here by Denby and that Wilbur is not going to initial their expense accounts. In any case their interest in the proceedings is decidedly not perfunctory. Scarcely a day passes that one or another of them does not burst into the press notices. This happens chiefly in "round tables" and "open conferences," pseudo-seminars where a familiar exchange of views occurs among the articulate few. A population shark remarks that in seventy-five years our population will reach five hundred million unless—something or other. Whereupon an admiral asserts as one whose business it is to know the unvarnished truth that when we reach the two hundred million mark we shall be a crowded and truculent people and shall certainly rush upon our neighbors with frothing mouth and tear them state from state. After which the wires buzz.

The lady lecturers play a silent part. Even the college professors are unexpectedly self-effacing.

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Clearly they are not the lions of the profession. This suggests that they may be the jackals. In sober truth they are probably something between the eager instructor and the full blown professorial country gentleman. The medley contains others, of course, an editor from Perth Amboy, an elderly and utopian college president emeritus who has come every year, an engaging stripling of a French count, the Minister of a Balkan state. This conglomerate "student body" ebbs to and fro from round table to open conference, to the golf links, to dinner, to a lecture by the evening's grand seigneur "and so to bed" in dormitories long sacred to the male youth of Williams College.

They are neither an intellectual nor a jolly crowd. They do not break up spontaneously into little groups of wrangling enthusiasts eagerly debating the infinitesimal abstractions dear to the heart of the true student. Neither are they shamelessly idle and pleasure seeking. They do not roost in the library. Neither do they go a-picnicking along the lovely Berkshire lanes that are so accessible to them. They simply circulate. The exchange of ideas and courtesies seems to take place at the level of commonplace affability. At meal time they gather in the college gymnasium now converted by the art of a talented janitor into a cheery enough dining hall. There conversation is general but desultory. No one is boisterous or even gay; levity is officially frowned upon. But neither is any one earnest or intent in the continuous pursuit of haunting thoughts. There has been some "agitation" by the "League of Nations crowd"; but it has been sat upon. The Institute exists for discussion, not for commitments; so the issue has been quietly shelved. The principal indoor sport is lion hunting. A British official of the League, a rather distinguished civil servant decorated with the usual knighthood, has had to give up eating at the commons on account of it. With a hunting cry of "But oh! Sir Arthur, don't you think so and so?" the ladies descended upon him and drove him out.

The chief anomaly is the officialdom of the Institute. There are in all sixteen lecturers and conference leaders. To facilitate their operations there are, not counting the administrative heads, ten secretaries, nine staff publicity men, four aids, two court stenographers and sixteen typists and mimeographers. The functions of this corps are publicity, the provision of a "permanent record" and invisible government. There are no restrictions but the fee of twenty-five dollars upon any one's coming and none whatever upon what he may do here except such as are exerted by the informal gens d'armes. It is presumed that any overt lapse of decorum would be followed by disappearance. Doubtless few occur. For the most part this staff finds its employment in the creation of archives. A complete stenographic record is obtained of every public lecture and open conference. At each round table a secretary assiduously takes notes. The notes are dictated, typed, bound and filed. Lecturers give out advance notices of their lectures. These are edited and mimeographed for the reporters. The whole mass of material passes through the hands of the official news staff which makes up and sends out the press despatches. The words which are loosed in Williamstown are very precious!

All this, of course, is an informal snap shot. The official portrait shows a very noble creature indeed of which this is only the tail. But I have adopted this rearward point of view because I believe that this is the tail that wags the dog, thoroughbred though he be!

The official theory of the Institute of Politics centres in the eminent men who come to Williamstown to lecture and to direct discussion. For four years now groups of six or eight foreign scholars and men of affairs have been gathered to lecture through the month of August upon those problems of international politics and economics in which they are most deeply versed. Simultaneously similar groups of Americans have been drawn from the universities and from public life to preside over a number of seminars. These leaders have enlisted in the service of their conferences such private members of the Institute as may possess special information or insight upon topics under discussion. In many cases they have been able to induce bankers and lawyers, assistant secretaries of federal departments and vice-presidents of great corporations to come to Williamstown at their own expense and talk before the round table groups and open conferences.

Up to this point the Institute is beyond criticism. The men who have formed its faculty are teachers of quite extraordinary distinction. It is something, certainly, to have brought such men as Bryce and Vinogradoff to the United States and made them available to American students. In the selection of the Americans, also, the highest standards have been maintained. There is little evidence, to be sure, of men being appointed for fitness unadorned with eminence; but there is no evidence at all of eminence having been sought without regard to intellectual suitability. The reason bankers will drive to Williamstown to talk is certainly that they regard as distinguished a platform which they share with so unusual a faculty. The admirals and generals who are detailed to attend and the under secretaries who are enabled to make their visits by special concessions from their chiefs are a further and telling compliment to the Bryces and the Vinogradoffs.

Nevertheless these men are not available to students. The students are simply not there. The audience which is there is not the explanation of the willingness of important men to volunteer their services. It is attentive; but its attention is not flattering. The level of its attention and general cultivation is doubtless much higher than that of the average Chautauqua audience. Nevertheless its attitude and behavior are definitely Chautauquan. The first of the semi-official annual reports that

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have appeared each year in the American Political Science Review referred to the Institute without shame as a super-Chautauqua. That is what it is.

Now the official theory of the super-Chautauqua is three-fold: a good deal of sound information must ultimately be disseminated by the current events lecturers; many of the lectures are conveyed directly to a wide public by the daily press; and the clash of opinion in the discussion groups is "a good thing." Theory overlooks the elderly visitors. Perhaps the Institute helps them to lead better lives. One cannot tell. But even the positive claims strike me as tenuous if not illusory. I have read too many examination books not to know the sorry glimmer with which ideas that were certainly highly illuminating to start with are reflected even by the flower of our youth. Do current events lecturers do better? I doubt it. The newspaper claim is less fatuous. The kernels of information which they print are accurate, though they are sowed among tares.

The most convincing claim relates to the open forums. A certain exchange of amenities does occur. The admirals explode and are promptly abolished. R. H. Tawney listens blandly to the most preposterous stories of Bolshevik atrocity quietly interposing from time to time "Just like the Fascisti! Just like the Fascisti!" But this shock of opposing forces is never followed through to a thrashing out of differences. Under the circumstances that is impossible, and circumstances rule, as the administrators of the Institute have discovered.

The original idea of the "round tables" was that they were to be dark closets in which the Men Who Knew could speak out. Strict privacy was maintained. The press was excluded. And nothing happened. Fearfully and with misgivings the eminent ones divulged the safest platitudes. So the tactics were changed. The press was admitted under the chaperonage of the official press agents. Still nothing happened. The full proceedings of one of last year's open conferences have been published as the March, 1924, issue of the Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. Whoever wishes can ascertain there for himself the entire innocuousness of everything that was said. As a compilation the volume is quite remarkable; as a revelation, disappointing; as discussion, nil.

The fact is, of couse, that the Institute has defeated itself. It has not possessed the self-restraint without which the ascetic virtues of intellectual integrity cannot be practised. The formula is simple enough. True discussion, such as results in mutual education, can occur only in a group that is informal, homogeneous and busy. Conditions must be such as to allow teachers and taught to forget all personal distinctions of rank. The community of background must be extensive enough to make the members of the group easily intelligible to each other. But most of all they must work. There must be a common task, an unknown to be attacked in concert. Only as comrades in arms will men abandon reticence and even, if need be, discretion.

The Institute has never caught the spirit of such an adventure. The temptation to attitudinize has been irresistible. Such talent could not be smuggled in. Greatness merits recognition. Accordingly it has introduced its celebrities with all the noisy gestures of the showman. Then, following up the rôle, it has opened its arms dramatically to all America. And finally, pulling down the tent flap, it has tiptoed about whispering that everything is on the quiet, no one need ever know; the sky's the limit. Thus the eminent foreigner, with the sound of all his titles dinning in his ears, faces an audience of which he can be sure only that there are no scholars in it. As he takes up his position before that extraordinary battery of stenographers, reporters and note-taking secretaries he is doubtfully reassured that he will not be quoted against his wish. Result: banality.

C. E. Ayres.

Key-Notification

CHESTER A. DONNER, the Reliable Druggist, bowed as gracefully as his round-house style of architecture would permit and said with heavy irony:

"I'm sorry to interrupt your reading, Mr. Durkin, but if I can have change for a quarter, I'll take this paper."

The newsdealer arose with surprising alacrity.

"Anybody who butts in on me this morning is good news. What I'm reading certainly doesn't come under the head of pleasure. No, Chet, I can't take your money for today's paper," he added, nonsuiting the action to the word.

Mr. Donner glanced at the headlines.

"It's all right, Elmer. There's the Franks case and Kid McCoy if I don't get time for Coolidge."

"I could give it the double-o for you and save a lot of wear and tear on your best mind."

"No, thank you."

"You're welcome." Elmer ran his eye over the speech of acceptance and filled the air with misquotations.

"Parties are fine things, especially certain parties. . . When the war was over we up and made peace. . . A Democrat would never have thought of that. . . We provided generously for the wounded veterans and the lame ducks. . . How can you call us corrupt when we ran the works in time of peace for

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less money than the Democrats spent in war time? . . . Mellon wrote the finest tax bill our glorious party ever refused to pass. . . We are chummy with all foreign countries and the foreigner the better. . . We hit 'em with a tariff in one eye and immigration laws in the other. . . Charley Dawes helped them with their arithmetic problems and Charley Hughes knocked off work and gave them three cheers. . . He's a bear, he's a bear. . . The Republican party is a blessing to the farmers, in deep disguise. . . We have reduced the income taxes which they don't pay anyhow and raised the tariff taxes which they do. . . If the survivors will cough up high prices for everything and not meddle in politics we can boost the ante on their wheat, with the help of Providence and the weather.

"Pay high prices and save your money. Common sense and common dollars. Love and kisses, Cal."

"Is that all there is to it?"

"Pretty near. There's some tariff hop that was moth-eaten back in the days when my dad burned a hole in his lid carrying a torchlight for James G. Blaine. No—wait a minute, there's one good wheeze. 'Wherever there have been suspicions of guilt involving members of any party, I have caused them to be investigated and presentation made to the grand jury.' I bet the key-notifiers had a hard time making their face behave when he sprung that one.

"Nothing about oil, Harding, Forbes, the bonus, the Kluxies or the family squabbles under the Big Dome. There's where he opened a case of his best brand of silence. You'd think from reading this piece that the Republicans are just a big, happy family and would never think of busting chairs over each other's beans.

"All the G. O. P. papers say it was a ringing keynote, but it listens to me like a ringing dumb-bell.

"Cal is my favorite mystery story, anyhow; Anna Katherine Green never cooked up a better one. He must have something or he wouldn't get by as well as he has, but it's a cross word puzzle to your Uncle Dudley. C. C. has got no speed and no control, he's about as popular personally as an umpire, and he's no riot in the rotogravure section. The only tune that he can play is economy, but since when did a tightwad ever cop any popularity contest? He doesn't seem like big league stuff at all. He makes a noise exactly like attorney Horace W. Witherspoon, the big cheese of the Woppington Central Committee. Maybe that's the answer. There are so many Horace W.'s clogging up the landscape that Coolidge looks like old home week.

"I'm not so bugs about Davis as some of the hungry Democrats around here, but John W. sure gained a lot of territory on this exchange of punts. I'm going to get out his speech from under the cigar counter after a while and thaw out my fingers. There were some fine dirty cracks in that spiel of his, Chet, about crooks and thumb-twirlers and addle-heads, and how our diplomacy is a scream, and it's all wrong, Calvin, it's all wrong.

"Of course the hard boiled yegg that's trying to jimmy his way in is always better reading matter than the one that's sitting pretty with his feet in the trough, but if this Davis doesn't watch his step and quit chucking ragged bricks, he's in danger of getting to be my favorite author. I don't see yet how Wall Street's little helpmate is going to lead us horny-handed toilers to any permanent Christmas day, but when he lands on the trademark and gives the old apple a ride, he kinda reminds me of my old college chum, the Bambino."

"Aw now, Elmer!"

"Well, maybe that's stretching it some. But if Davis keeps on hate-hymning around, while La Follette is shooting up the scenery out west, the Great White Father is liable to find himself all pried loose from a meal ticket. Instead of putting the 'x' before the President's name the voters will give him the 'e-x'. Well, my papers wouldn't be soggy with tears on the first Wednesday after the big Tuesday, at that."

"You've got a mean disposition."

"Ain't it the truth? Listen here what he said last night. 'The people should work less for the government and more for themselves.' If I was the people I'd get up on my hind legs and holler, 'The same to you and many of them.'"

"All right, Elmer, suit yourself."

As Mr. Donner was about to depart for his Reliable Drugstore, the gathering was enlivened and enriched by the entrance of Dr. Horner.

"What'll it be, Doc?" asked Elmer. "We have some nice fresh sleeping sickness this morning. Good for insomnia and jumpy dispositions. Better than any of Chet's dope. Curl up in a hammock with a good story by Coolidge."

"Oh, that's so," said Woppington's most Democratic physician. "They broke the news to Calvin yesterday. What does he say he'll do?"

"He doesn't say, Doc. This is a keynote, not a promissory note."

FELIX RAY.

The Old Men and the Young Men

Said the old men to the young men,
"Who will take arms to be free?"
Said the young men to the old men,
"We."

Said the old men to the young men,
"It is finished. You may go."
Said the young men to the old men,
"No."

Said the old men to the young men,
"What is there left to do?"
Said the young men to the old men,
"You."

WITTER BYNNER.

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Young Lady with Duccio

IN Duccio's painting, in these panels from the Majestá that are in the Siena Opera del Duomo, and especially in the Death of the Virgin, the Betrayal of Christ, the Descent from the Cross, the quality is at the same time rich, poignant and austere. I know of no painting where the designing, the pattern, is more severe, more strictly chosen, no painting more deeply felt and passionately suffered. The naive reality of the world here represented is externally primitive; the directness of emotion is primitive, perhaps, or at least pre-Renaissance; the technical resource is grave, minute, rich and sophisticated; the culture is grand and intense.

I stand for the hundredth time before this reduction of subject-matter to pure painting, this expression of profound content in pure art. I marvel at such a combination in painting of abstract purity and moving import. I mark in Duccio's painting the taste, the ample and wide control of intricate technical means, the tragic tone. I am possessed by the power of this terrible, learned, passionate, austere soul. And then all at once I am aware, close at hand for a moment, of a young lady from the hotel. She has paused before these paintings of Duccio's.

The young lady looks at these pictures for a little with a friendly, easy look in her eyes and about her mouth. "Nice," she evidently thinks, in decorators' terms. Will you please look, Duccio—however you pronounce it—is decorative enough; those gold lines in the figures and gold skies beyond—the jolly old thing would be amusing on a wall of rough plaster. Some of the jolly new pieces in the studios at home are like these, those with greenish skins and twisted necks and drawing any way you please if it expresses you, though of course it must be decorative, or what is a picture for? what else is art? and all that of course. The young lady passes on by.

And so she is gone and so she has responded to Duccio. And that would be well enough if it were not for one dun fact: this young lady is one of thousands like her. She is a mass of men and women led hither from America, from many a city and town of ours, to this great art. She is a mass of our fellow countryman confronting, apart from Duccio or any single instance, the world of great art, its existence and creation, wherever art may be.

This young lady has a straight, loose figure, easy and slight. Her face ought somehow to be classical. It appears to meet the classic formula, for it is without subtle detail or nuance and rather general in outline. The difference is, however, that while the classical type has an expression of general qualities, this face seems rather to express general things, actions, events. It is the face of a person who has engaged in a great many occasions but brought little to them. About the whole presence there is an air of animation without violence, and vividness without point. The young lady is dressed in a French model, pale stuff with a sash of purple and red. She wears some beautiful old jewels that seem, on her and with her frock, oddly placed, like bits of Palestrina on a hotel orchestra.

I have known this young lady a little. She has some charm, the charm of energy and sanitation. She has the breeze of a certain easy-going, frank barbarism. She has the verve of a person who has for the most part had the things she wanted. She has enjoyed the social perquisites of an education without enduring its pangs and ardors. Views she has, beliefs. She believes in freedom and street cleaning, dry cleaning too, and in being happy; in votes for women, or at least in women doing what they please, which is what she thinks men do. She believes in big fine men and in children being sensibly brought up; and that ought to mean that she will be a good mother, though, as a matter of fact, it does not, since she does not believe in troubling herself and considers herself an individualist.

One wonders, to repeat, of what happens, then, when this young lady and the thousands of her many ages come in contact with art, with an art like Duccio's. You wonder what by her is brought to this art that is derived from religious passion, from terror, aspiration, faith, from a vivid contact with the natural world, from toil, craft, and the culture of a long tradition. For her own life has aimed away from the burden of these and toward going pleasantly, feeling fit and being entertained enough to pass the time.

But, leaving out Duccio, who after all is far away in manner and spirit, and thinking a little on the future, you wonder what all these fellow citizens of ours are doing to the chance of art among us. Certainly at present they have little relation to it. They have superceded a primitive state with what is not so much a luminous and advanced as it is a prose state. They have lost what is one of the great sources of early art, a naive response to human experience. But they have achieved only a surface sophistication to take its place. They have ceased to think that lightning is a god but they know electricity only to the extent of a casual familiarity with bulbs and switches. The demons of the air have become the middle social radio. With the natural world certainly they are less sophisticated than primitive man. In his soul reverberated the lightning and thunder and brought at least their own kind of knowledge. But these people accept natures as they do an automobile for what can be done with it, without fear, wonder, without response. They experience the primitive experience without the sting of it; they enjoy a kind of peptonized barbarism. To have given up a faith in wooden poles and fetiches only to arrive at faith in massage is no great gain for art. In sum the only gain from no longer taking fire as a spirit is to have a spirit that is fire.

These people, exactly as they have shut off the wind from their bodies, have sought a like comfort by shutting off life from their souls. They fly about, trusting in the heap of events to fill the years for them. They choose to doubt their doubts and believe their beliefs. They mean to have no shocks, no sudden spasms of life. And what fierce surges may threaten within them they evade so far as possible with cold baths or touring. Or if the hours lag and darken, they can always go out and buy something. Meantime they adopt and develop numberless contrivances, appliances, occupations, and accept numberless theories, Progress, Normalcy, Idealism and so on, naïve but with the appearance of working. There is in them no passion of despair, joy, faith, subtlety, violence; the drift is toward the denial or the jazzing of our natures, not their satisfaction.

So far as art goes there is one thing that from the hordes of such as this young person we can take as hopeful; and that is simplification. Their conceptions of Progress, Idealism, Love, Goodness, Faith, and so on are superficial, without ramifications into the fibres of life, without wings into the mystery of life, without roots into its shadow, and without lasting pain, surprise or ecstasy.

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But these conceptions are nevertheless naive and simple. They may in time represent a combination of ignorance, and instinct and energy from which new beginnings may come. In them living may hit bottom and start again. From the simplification, the generality of outline and the naiveté of these people there may in time spring the new myth, and this myth be a source of art.

At present before this Duccio of the Descent from the Cross, with its beauty and labor and tragic soul, this young lady is like an active, slightly hard, well dressed and not unpleasant child.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Is the League Illogical?

SIR: Senator Borah seems to have gathered at least one promising fig of peace from that nettle, the League of Nations.

He finds cause for great encouragement in the action of the League, *i. e.*, the draft treaty submitted by the American committee, but he still maintains that the League will "speedily" become a mere military alliance if it does not promptly disavow all war. If so is it not a strange proceeding for a new military alliance to promote the outlawry of even aggressive war? Nothing would more surely wreck a military alliance than the success of such an attempt.

May not the discrepancy be due to the fact that in the first paragraph of Mr. Borah's article (July 9) he is thinking of what the League is actually doing; its behavior under certain stimuli as the psychologists say? While later his attention is fixed on what the League ought to be expected to do from his viewpoint of its constitution and make-up. But if the League is illogical in its behavior, it is not the first time a political institution has done the unexpected thing, as witness what has happened to the Electoral College in the American system of electing a President.

GEORGE BURNHAM, JR.

Whitefield, N. H.

Witter Bynner Speaks Out

SIR: To those of us who were at California during the Bynner year, it was indeed a pleasure to hear him speak out last December in the Poetry number of the New Republic. He describes his class in verse-writing, and adds:

"Similar classes have met successfully at Berkeley with W. W. Lyman and Leonard Bacon. None of us is any longer connected with the University. The powers, I understand, attribute our absence to the fact that none of us held a doctor's degree."

When he was with us in person, he didn't talk to us of himself or his poetry or his teaching, but he often sang us darky songs and was otherwise sociable and charming. And he was interested in politics—real politics, not university ones. This is why he and W. W. Lyman and A. E. Anderson and Robert Clark and Benjamin Ide Wheeler and even President Barrows are no longer associated with a university intent on passing itself along from one university politician to another. The War gave Gayley a chance to knife Wheeler; the peace gave Barrows an opportunity to succeed the War Deans, and the post-peace gave the present grand master—known as the Dean of Deans—his chance to fill the university with his supporters and to control regents and president by flattery, and faculty and students by fear.

Bynner, Lyman and Anderson went, not because they hadn't doctors' degrees, but because they expressed premature sympathy for war prisoners recently pardoned by President Coolidge. On the other hand, Leonard Bacon, who resigned last year, quite of his own volition, was hastily summoned by Colonel Barrows and informed that although all instructors must now have doctors' degrees, he, Bacon, was an exception and need not. In short, the doctor's degree requirement is applied or ignored according to the "needs" of the administration. Mr. Bacon is a brilliant and honorable man; but what made him important at university headquarters was not his scholarship, but his war record.

PROFESSOR.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Why not Continue the Experiment?

SIR: It seems that Leopold and Loeb indulged in murder to discover what it felt like. A nation is agitated over what punishment should be meeted out for such experimentation. Why not continue the scientific inquiry?

If prospective and potential murderers, especially those who seek only to discover what are the intellectual and emotional reactions to deeds of violence for science's sake, had the advantage of such previous knowledge as this case could be made to produce it is possible that a deterrent to crime could be established.

I have known several men who took human life and in every instance the reaction was terrible. Two eventually sought relief in self-destruction. One undertook to drown his memories and demonstrated scientifically that alcohol is no pallative to sensitive consciences.

In several instances the deeds were justifiable, and in one really laudable—but the remorse was none the less an ever-present torment.

I have, therefore, remained apathetic to hysterical demands for drastic punishment, for murderers I have known punished themselves more than society possibly could. I believe that if set aside in a safe place and kept under observation the slayers of the Franks boy would become striking examples in point. As I believe that it is better to give than to receive, so am I convinced that it is worse to slay than to be slain, and I believe that so excellent an opportunity to verify the theory should not be neglected.

HENRY PENCE.

Cincinnati, O.

A Benefit of the War

SIR: With your doubts as to the benefits of the War it is impossible not to sympathize. The War did leave an aftermath of weeds in which the wheat is difficult to find. Among the results of the War there is however one which I cannot conceive could have been gained in any other way. This is the freeing of humanity from the hereditary and imposed mechanical controls implied in the governing systems of the three great empires of Germany, Austria and Russia. It is easy enough to say that the systems that have followed the downfall of these imperial organs do not reflect the people's will. That is a matter for debate. By the loosening of historic bonds they at any rate make it possible for the people to seek or to create the instrumentalities of their will. Germany and Austria and Russia were not only set up as barriers against the popular will; at least one of these was successfully poisoning and undermining that will. Until it is shown how under the pre-war system the people could have "broken through" to their governments, the destruction of these governments must stand as a benefit of the War.

THOMAS H. DICKINSON.

Wilton, Conn.

The Conventions of 1876 and 1880

SIR: In the very interesting article recently published in your magazine, Then and Now, by William E. Dodd, the writer has the campaigns of 1876 and 1880 mixed.

General Grant was not a candidate for nomination before the convention of 1876, but was in 1880, his principal supporters being General Logan of Illinois, Senator Cameron of Pennsylvania and Senator Conkling of New York.

Blaine was the leading candidate at both of these conventions, in 1876 leading on the first six ballots and receiving 351, his highest number, on the seventh ballot, when Hayes was nominated with 384 votes.

In 1880 there were thirty-six ballots, General Grant leading on thirty-five and being second on the thirty-sixth, when he received 306 votes to 399 for Garfield, who was nominated; and Blaine in this convention ran second on every ballot up to the last, on which he was third with forty-two votes.

W. O. HART.

New Orleans, La.

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A Laodicean

Some Early Impressions, by Leslie Stephen. London: The Hogarth Press. 7s 6d.

IT is characteristic of the man who is responsible for more biography than any other of his countrymen that he left no record of himself except these four papers written for the National Review. Probably Sir Leslie Stephen would have said that this was all that he deserved. For Stephen was trained at Cambridge, and, to generalize rashly in the face of many exceptions, it may be said that Cambridge men of the last century, in contrast with those of Oxford, were characterized by a certain impersonality, reserve, indifference. Oxford had a movement called by its own name, the subject of the most brilliant literary journalism since the days of Port Royal. Who can imagine having heard of a Cambridge Movement? Among other Cambridge men Sir Leslie Stephen has never been written up. His works on Ethics, and on English Thought in the Eighteenth Century, his criticism in Hours in a Library and Recreations of a Biographer, not to speak of the Dictionary of National Biography, give him a name in nineteenth century letters, but not a personality. For that omission we have to turn to George Meredith's Vernon Whitford in The Egoist, that "Phoebus Apollo turned fasting friar," and this thin sheaf of reminiscences republished by Leonard and Virginia Woolf.

The first chapter deals with Cambridge of the fifties. Cambridge as Stephen saw it was very different from Matthew Arnold's Oxford, home of lost causes and impossible loyalties, whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age. The difference began doubtless with the emphasis on classic literature at Oxford and on mathematics at Cambridge. It is symbolized by landscape—instead of the Cumnor hills, we have the Fens; instead of the Isis, the Cam. "It is the contrast between romance and the picturesque on one side and humdrum prose and the monotonous levels on the other. . . . Cambridge has for the last three centuries inclined to the less romantic side of things. It was for Puritans against the Cavaliers, for Whigs against Jacobites, and down to my time was favored by 'Evangelicals', and the good high and dry school which shuddered at the 'Oxford Movement.'" Nowhere does Oxford show its romantic spirit more happily than in its readiness to recognize its spiritual master with an O Richard, O mon roi! Nineteenth century Oxford saw a succession of leaders beginning with Newman. Thomas Hughes and Matthew Arnold have told us with what enthusiasm Carlyle's voice was heard after Newman's had been stilled; and then came Ruskin and Morris and Thomas Hill Green—all representative of the romantic and mystical side of things. Cambridge was too matter-of-fact, too given to logic, too disinterested to yield itself to such loyalties. "We had," says Stephen dryly, "no spiritual guides among the Cambridge residents," and Carlyle was considered " an eccentric Diogenes." In later years when Stephen saw the prophet occasionally in Cheyne Row he always felt "something like the editor of a Sadducees' gazette interviewing John the Baptist." In fact Gallio was the patron saint of Cambridge. Almost the only expression of sentiment was furnished by the association of The Apostles, among whom were Tennyson, Hallam, Maurice, and other tender-minded Cantabridgians; and even among them was Clerk Maxwell—the physicist.

Cambridge had indeed its peculiar religious attitude as had Oxford—Maurice and Kingsley instead of Newman and Pusey, the Broad Church Movement instead of Tractarianism. But the Cambridge theologians came off badly in both their great matches, with the Catholics and with the Liberals. The intellectually dominating force at Cambridge was supplied by John Stuart Mill. Stephen's most intimate friend, Henry Fawcett, "knew Mill's Political Economy as a Puritan knew the Bible. . . . In our little circle the summary answer to all hesitating proselytes was 'read Mill.'" The ground was thus prepared for the triumph of the scientific spirit at Cambridge, in the years after Darwin had published The Origin of Species; and Stephen himself was fixed in the group of later utilitarians, rationalists, positivists with John Morley, Frederic Harrison, George Meredith. He had to confess that his religious history lacked romantic glamor of the tragedy of declining faith. That was for Oxford neophytes like Arthur Hugh Clough to experience, and Oxford poets like Matthew Arnold to celebrate. It is true he found his Cambridge career cut short by his inability to come to terms with the Thirty-nine Articles. He had taken orders "on a sort of tacit understanding that Maurice or his like would act as an interpreter of the true facts," but suddenly he realized that the Bible stories in which he was called to profess complete credence could not be both true and false, and since he thought them false he would not go on saying that they were true. But he did not find this experience as did so many, a source of exquisite pain. "I did not feel that the solid ground was giving way beneath my feet, but rather that I was being relieved of a cumbrous burden." But, on the other hand, Stephen seems to have found no great inspiration in his liberation. In his gentle Laodiceanism he looks back a little wistfully to what he had missed. "I am often tempted to regret that I did not swallow my scruples and aim at some modest ecclesiastical preferment. Bishops indeed have fallen upon evil days; they no longer enjoy the charming repose of the comfortable dignitaries of the eighteenth century. But I should dearly like a deanery. To hold such a position as was held by Milman or Stanley seems to me the very ideal aim for a man of any literary taste; and, what with the 'higher criticism'of later days, it does not seem that it need have been hard to follow old Hobbes' advice and swallow your pill without chewing it."

In a similar spirit of good faith and unpretentious realism Stephen does not try to persuade himself or us that he took to the literary profession "from an overpowering love of letters." It was merely that he "had to scribble in the absence of other professions." He found a congenial group of hard thinkers and hard hitters in the staff of the Saturday Review—Freeman, Morley, Lord Robert Cecil, but what made the atmosphere of the paper peculiarly grateful to Stpehen was its detachment, which was generally called by the uglier term cynicism. "The journalist who is anxious about his soul ought, I suppose," ruminates Sir Leslie, "to have an enthusiastic belief in the causes which he advocates. There are, of course, many such men." He mentions R. H. Hutton and Godkin. "But that singular entity called a newspaper, when not dominated by an individual mind, always presents some problems in casuistry to a conscientious contributor. It may be the organ of the party to which you belong, but

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you must be very fortunate if you can really believe that your party represents the whole truth."

From The Saturday Review Stephen went on to the Pall Mall Gazette, and then in 1871 became editor of the Cornhill Magazine, a position he resigned to take up the editorship of the Dictionary of National Biography. Even this with considerable disillusionment. After speaking of his work on the authorship of the Letters of Junius and the amusement he found in bringing together the converging probabilities, he adds: "But it was borne in on me that it matters not a straw to any human being whether Francis was or was not the author." It is this persistent renunciation of the pretentious, the excessive, the conventionally important which marks Stephen as a representative of the civilization of Cambridge. In the absence of any domestic revelation among these Early Impressions it is pleasant to remember that he married one of Thackeray's daughters. It is also pleasant to reflect that if the questionnaire of that day had included his favorite sport he would have answered: mountain climbing.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The Reparation Plan

The Reparation Plan, by Harold G. Moulton. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc. $2.50.

IN this volume the reparation plan referred to is the one set forth in the Dawes report with occasional references to its companion, the McKenna report. There are three parts: first, a brief economic analysis of the plan; second, a discussion of the economic issues involved; and third, a reprint of the two reports with all of their annexes and with a special index. The reports occupy more than one-half of the volume. The first three chapters, which summarize the two reports, are quite concise. As a mere recital of the provisions of the plan they furnish little occasion for comment.

This leaves Chapters IV, V and VI, which contain the author's interpretation and criticism—first, of the revenue feature; second of the transfer problem; and third, of the unsettled aspects of the whole reparation problem. These chapters are filled with valuable and pertinent comments on the situation in general and on certain particular aspects of the plan.

As in his other recent volumes, Dr. Moulton keeps constantly before the reader the fact that the problem has the dual aspect—that of raising funds within Germany and that of delivering the funds abroad. On the first of these points he holds to the usual expert views, some of which are at least implied in the Dawes report itself. Germany has plenty of fixed capital—an abundance of plant capacity. Perhaps the annual payment called for by the plan can be raised and deposited in the new bank. With care this bank can secure the necessary liquid funds for its organization and in time begin specie payments. The railroads and the industries can probably contribute large sums in view of the fact that their debts have largely vanished through inflation. It is probable, however, that the revenues from the railways will not be so large as estimated.

Dr. Moulton very properly reminds us that the obliteration of debts held within Germany has not proportionately increased Germany's capacity to pay abroad. For every gain by a debtor there has been a loss by a creditor. Yet he seems to overstate his argument. At least it will lessen the internal problem, for it will be easier to collect from the railroads for reparation purposes than it would be to collect from a number of scattered bondholders. His other criticism—that of overlapping estimates—is most important. Each source of revenue mentioned in the Dawes report is presented separately. But they are all interrelated. Freight rates that will yield adequate amounts from the railroads may repress industry. Heavy taxes of various kinds may check general industrial development, including the railroads. The greatest of care will be needed in order to get the maximum returns.

The transfer problem is a still harder one. General Dawes and his colleagues realized it and offered no solution except that of entrusting the task to a Transfer Committee with the stern injunction not to demoralize the exchanges. Funds can be transferred only in case there is an export surplus of sufficient size. This means an enormous and probably impossible strain on Germany. If she can bear the burden her creditors will be unwilling to take the goods. Since this volume was written and during the London Conference, England reimposed the 26 percent burden on German imports which some months ago she had lowered to five percent. What England had done others will of course do just as soon as a flow of German exports appears. Already in the United States there is talk of the stimulus to some of our industries through a German revival, and of the danger to others as German manufactures appear in our markets. There has recently been a tendency in many parts of the world to moderate tariffs, but they will doubtless be promptly raised if Germany shows signs of recovery.

The author is on firm ground when he criticises those who believe that reparations can be paid by investing the tax collections in Germany, the Allies thus becoming the owners of German properties. Germany is not and should not be an investment market for outside capital. He might, however, have pressed this point even farther, for there is serious danger that the mistake may be made of using some of the funds to the credit of the Transfer Committee in just that way.

Chapter VII reminds us that many aspects of the reparation question are not settled. The total sum to be paid has not been fixed, no recognition is given to the huge amount already paid by Germany, the occupation of the Ruhr and sanctions in case of default are not cared for, and there is insufficient recognition of the principle of arbitration. Since the book was written the London Conference has attacked several of these problems, the usual solution being that an American citizen is to have the pleasant duty of pulling the chestnuts out of the fire.

There are many other excellent features in the volume, but it has the defect of not going far enough. It is a tragedy that world opinion does not move more rapidly. Every informed person has welcomed the Dawes report because it is a start in the right direction. But it is being viewed in many quarters as a final solution. Even the amount of reparation provided for under it is inadequate to solve the French fiscal problem, a defect that is no fault of the framers, but inherent in the situation. As yet but a few of the French realize the tragedy. The Morgan credit merely gave a breathing space. Reconstruction is being halted and an industrial crisis is impending. Before the Germans can be set going again the world will probably have to face a further collapse of French and Belgian finances.

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America really has before her three distinct though related tasks. The first is to give the needed assistance to Germany, partly through loans, but still more in other ways. The second will be to furnish similar aid to France. The third is some decision on the huge sums due from Europe. In fact, the third may be up for solution before the existence of the second is generally realized.

In the meantime, public opinion on some matters is slowly changing. We are prone to forget that the reparation claim covers items not found in the pre-armistice agreement. When we again are conscious of the weak moral position of the Allies on this point, our views on other questions will be modified. In addition to this, suppose that our historians go farther in their analyses of the responsibility for the war, supporting perhaps Professor Barnes's view that the order of immediate responsibility is Austria, Russia, France, Germany and England. What becomes of reparation claims if the doctrine of sole German iniquity is refuted?

If other matters could wait, these historical points could be settled at leisure. But they will not. German railways will be placed under private management, hundreds of millions of American dollars will become involved, Germany may be unable to pay even the amount called for under the Dawes plan, charges of voluntary default will again be made.

All of which is not a condemnation of the Dawes report. It probably went as far as was possible last spring, but it is time now for another step in advance.

ERNEST MINOR PATTERSON.

The Elizabethan Stage

The Elizabethan Stage, by E. K. Chambers. In Four Volumes. New York: Oxford University Press. $23.50.

WE have become so accustomed to the syndicating of large enterprises that we are apt to think that no modern scholar can accomplish single-handed and alone such tasks as were accomplished by our ancestors. But there are giants in the earth in these days also. Mr. E. K. Chambers has just given us four more volumes of a survey of the stage in England so extensive, intensive, and comprehensive that even the doughtiest and most industrious of the men of old might well have hesitated to embark upon such an undertaking. The first two volumes of this survey, published in 1903, were entitled The Mediaeval Stage; the four new volumes are called The Elizabethan Stage, but they take up the theme where the earlier ones left it and differ from them in scope and in plan. In The Mediaeval Stage Mr. Chambers was, by the nature of his subject and the state of English scholarship concerning it, obliged to discuss the origins and development of the various forms of mediaeval drama as well as questions concerning types of stage and methods and conditions of dramatic production. In the present volumes he has interpreted his title more strictly and has entirely excluded history and criticism of the drama as a form of literature. This was a wise limitation, demanded by considerations both of space and of clearness, and it has enabled Mr. Chambers to give us a work unique in character and in value.

To those unfamiliar with the subject it may seem strange that Mr. Chambers has required nearly two thousand pages to give an account of Elizabethan theatres and play production, but the wonder is rather that he has succeeded in condensing into so little space a literature of investigation and discussion so vast and scattered so widely as almost to defy human mastery. The work is invaluable not only to the layman who wishes to know the facts and the conditions of scholars but to the scholar and investigator who wishes to test the argument upon which the conclusions have been founded.

The production of plays in the Elizabethan Age is indeed a very complicated subject. Not only were there different types of stages and modes of staging and different classes of players and companies, there was continual conflict between that portion of the public which wished to suppress plays and players on the one hand and the players and their patrons on the other. Furthermore the records of play production and of the struggle for control are casual, incidental records, not made for historical purposes, and often scanty and difficult of interpretation .

In the beginning of Elizabeth's reign there were no regular theatres. Companies of actors under the protection of some person of wealth and authority traveled about the country giving performances wherever opportunity offered—in innyards, town halls, churches, and private houses. In such conditions staging was simple, scenery non-existent, and the plays themselves were the crude productions of unskilled writers. Only at Court was anything more ambitious attempted and then only intermittently, in connection with special entertainments. But the relations with the Court and with powerful patrons became essential to the very life of the drama. But for the demands imposed by the literary taste of the Court and the men of university education the dramatic forms created in the Middle Ages would never have developed into the rich significance displayed by the drama of Shakespeare and his contemporaries; but for the active sympathy and support of the Court and the upper classes the whole development of mediaeval stage and drama, promising as it was, would have been suppressed by the growing strength of Puritanism.

On the other hand, it seems certain that the drama was equally fortunate in not deriving its support entirely from the Court and the aristocracy. But for the rivalry between the companies and the vital need of successful appeal to the tastes of the public, Marlowe and Shakespeare and their fellows would hardly have created the vivid masterpieces they did create. Indeed, had dramatic production been monopolized by an official Court company, it is doubtful whether the Elizabethan calendar of dramatists would contain any of the great names which now adorn it.

In Mr. Chambers's four volumes the whole vast and complicated story of the Elizabethan stage is clearly and succinctly presented. If the reader wishes to know what kind of entertainments were given at Court, what officials were responsible for providing and managing them, how much such entertainments cost and how they were costumed and staged, he will find here voluminous discussions, with abundant details and references to the original sources of information. If he is interested in the attempts of the Puritan authorities of the city to suppress plays and players and the successful efforts of the aristocracy to defend them, he will find here a full and judicious summary of all that is known on the subject. If he wishes to study the actors, he will find here careful studies of their social and economic status, of the organization and history of all the companies, of boys and of men, native and foreign, and a brief "who's who" of all the

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actors whose names are known to us. If his interest lies in the theatres, their structure and management, and the methods of staging, or in the history of individual theatres, he will perhaps be satisfied with the 350 pages devoted to these topics. If,finally, his concern is rather with the playwrights, Mr. Chambers has discussed fully their relations to the companies, their methods of work, their rates of pay, and their ability to control the publication of their plays. To this he has added a list—the fullest and most accurate ever published—of all known playwrights, with brief biographical notices, bibliographies of original and modern editions of their plays, notes on lost plays and disputed points, and lists of anonymous plays, masks and entertainments.

As will be seen from this hasty survey, the wealth of material provided by Mr. Chambers is almost beyond computation or belief. But upon all this he has heaped appendices filling three hundred pages on the following subjects: A Court Calendar, Court Payments, Documents of Criticism, Documents of Control, Plague Records, the Presence-Chamber at Greenwich, Serlio's Trattato sopra le Scene, the Gull's Hornbook, Restoration Testimony, Academic Plays, Printed Plays, Lost Plays, Manuscript Plays.

That Mr. Chambers has shown equal mastery of all the numerous subjects treated cannot be asserted. His discussions of stages and staging and of author's rights are notably less satisfactory than the rest of his work, but I know of no other scholar who could have surveyed the vast field with so near an approach to completeness or with so fine and sure a judgment.

Finally, the volumes are suprisingly easy to read. The arrangement is admirably simple and clear and not even the enormous mass of fact and discussion has been able to suppress the native liveliness and quiet humor of Mr. Chambers. And the publishers have provided format, typography, illustrations—twelve of them—and paper, worthy of the contents.

JOHN M. MANLY.

Ring Lardner

How to Write Short Stories, by Ring W. Lardner, New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

IN the last few years Americans have been holding the mirror up to themselves and their country more than in all the previous hundred years. The result has been a crop of self-portraits, self-inspections, self-reproaches, self-analyses which show that we are emerging from a long childhood into the painful teens, a period in which the individual is much given to endless straightening of his tie, to partings of his hair now port, now starboard, to diaries, anxiety about the soul and the opinion of neighbors—and a period in which a nation writes books about itself and reads them hungrily. The burden of such books is the presentation of the Raspberry by the author to his surroundings. We have all read them, and in many cases have substituted in our own minds their generalized picture of America for the more particular—if not also more narrow—fruit of our own personal experience. To mention only a few of the phenomena of our self-consciousness, there is the anatomy of what's wrong with us, by institutions, in Civilization in America; geographically, in These United States; there are the plays in which Connolly and Kaufman have been kidding business, the radio, the small towns, and smaller inhabitants; there is Mr. Mencken's Mercury, kidding savagely, roasting, denouncing, and caricaturing; and, probably most important of all, there are Mr. Lewis's Main Street and Babbitt.

Intelligent foreigners who come over here and ask for something to help explain America to them, are usually fed from this supply. They read, they understand, they travel a little, and what they have read is much like what they have seen. Mr. Lewis's picture and Mr. Mencken's diatribes and all the rest of the satire and diagnosis and self-analysis are true, as far as they go. But they don't go very far; they don't touch the less obvious layers of our society, they don't penetrate a vast vague territory inhabited by a miscellany of individuals, all of them different, and all of them Americans, who defy characterization by the mind that loves a type, and escape it.

The intelligent foreigner who enters via New York, the Pullman and the Automat, and who thereafter steers his course by Mr. Mencken and Mr. Lewis, can go home again with a satisfactorily comprehensible baggage of interpretation. He has seen America, and understood it. But if he sees and hears something he cannot understand, and if he still cannot understand it after months or even years, then he has begun to see the real America. Let him avoid the people who will talk to him fluently about our "civilization," and bring him to America via a baseball game and Ring Lardner. He can learn our language—but that's too easy, so confront him with an idiom, which will be about as easy for him as learning to shoot a hot one across the outside corner of the pan.

The true idiom of America, humanly as well as verbally, should no more be confused with our slang than with our language as taught by Berlitz, both of which can be taught, while our idiom must be lived as well. Ring Lardner lives American idiom and talks it, which is one reason why the talk of his baseball heroes and their girls are so much truer to life than the "realistic" lingo Mr. Sinclair Lewis imputes to his characters. And one reason why You Know Me Al is so much more American a book than either Main Street or Babbitt.

Few people, and certainly not himself, insist that Ring Lardner is a Great Novelist. But he has one rare and extraordinary gift which is usually the sale property of a Great Novelist. He knows the difference between letting his characters talk, and making them do so. He knows, instincively one supposes, that a character who is forced into conversation by his author becomes self-conscious and ends by talking like the author. If Ring Lardner were less of an artist—and a very remarkable one he is—his ball players would drift into slang which did not belong to him. Slang is easy to learn, easy to invent, and great fun to use. But in his letters to Al the ball player sticks to his own way of talking throughout; he grows and grows until he is as large and as real as life, remaining the same person throughout, characteristic, independent, and free from all author's fingerprints.

There is much in the recent collection of Ring Lardner's short stories written during the past ten years which is quite as good as You Know Me Al. Four of the stories are about ball players, at which Lardner's hand is happiest—sometimes almost too happy. Sometimes the dialogue flows a little too easily, and the situations are more humorous than funny. There is a curious contrast between the restraint and naturalness of his dialogue, his language and his characters and the artificially farcical mechanics of the story. What happens in Harmony, for

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instance, is much less likely than the way ball players behave and talk. Perhaps the actual story interests Ring Lardner a little less than the telling of it; at any rate the by-products are more amusing than the turn and twist of the plot itself. This seems particularly true in Some Like Them Cold, a series of letters between a man and a girl—a method peculiarly adapted to Ring Lardner's talent for letting his characters explain and unfold themselves. In a very different manner is Champion, a rather cold and brutal but lifelike portrait of a prize-fighter, in which, as is not usually his custom, Lardner takes all the reins in his own hand, and is evidently directing and moving his characters about with a more definite purpose. Perhaps the best story of all, partly because it is wholly comedy and never farce, is The Golden Honeymoon, a completely, warmly lifelike account by an old man and his wife of a trip to Florida. It has a quality which one would have thought impossible to invent, and to be found only in somebody's diary.

> This was the twelfth day of January. Mother sat facing the front of the train, as it makes her giddy to ride backwards. I sat facing her, which does not affect me. We reached North Philadelphia at 4:03 P. M. and we reached West Philadelphia at 4:14, but did not go into Broad street. We reached Baltimore at 6:30 and Washington, D. C., at 7:25. Our train laid over in Washington for two hours till another train come along to pick us up and I got out and strolled up the platfrom and into the Union Station. When I come back our car had been switched onto another track, but I remembered the name of it, the La Belle, as I once visited my aunt out in Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, where there was a lake of that name, so I had no difficulty in getting located.
>
> . . . The car we went in was all compartments and no regular berths at all. It was all compartments.

Diary writing is a high form of literature. To be able to write somebody else's diary is even better. But Ring Lardner knows how to write our diaries for us. He is one of the family. That is why it is so hard to explain him to outsiders.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Assembled Poetry

Out of Silence, by Arthur Davison Ficke. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

A REVIEW of Arthur Davison Ficke's latest book, Out of Silence, must be either more or less than a review. If it is not a mere summary of subjects and verse forms, it must be a criticism of a whole tendency on the part of American versifiers in this third decade of the twentieth century to write invertebrate poetry that contains a few decorative or pungent lines, a few clever juxtapositions of ideas, and little else. The tools and materials of poetry have become very cheap; a new kind of efficiency has been introduced into its making. There are only a few writers who still hew their poetry out of the rough. For the most part they "assemble" their product, as automobiles or cheap bungalow houses are assembled.

I do not refer merely to phraseology, for there has been a fairly successful revolt against the Swinburnian and Tennysonian formulas, just as there was a complete overthrow, a century and a quarter earlier, of the "poetic diction" of the neo-classicists. But now there are several new recipes for good poetry. Robinson's dry, common-sense gesture has become part of the stock in trade of many writers; his paraphrastic magic has been epidemic among the more self-conscious stylists. Edna Millay's bitter-sweet disillusionment and restless resignation are to be met daily in the magazines. Housman, from across the water, has contributed cool Doric colums to our poetical architecture. We have learned the effectiveness of the "one-line" poem with its sudden reversal or contradiction or departure from precedent and expectation, where one line expiates the sin of half a page of dreary verse and shines brighter by comparison. Sandburg, with his city streets and open prairies, and Frost, with his narrow world hemmed in by neglected mountains, have taught us, each in his own way, what can be done with the intonations of common speech. And there are the imagists, morbidly supersensitive, with their thousand new ways of looking at the earth's common sights. They merge into the cerebralists, with Gertrude Stein far off in the outer limbo, and E. E. Cummings doing his best to join her in that deadly vacuum.

Mr. Ficke is so fortunate as to be floating in mid-stream, borne by the full current of the time; and he is so unfortunate as not to realize that he ought to be swimming somewhere, upstream, downstream or shoreward. Not that he shows all these modern tendencies; he leans by nature toward a rather "conservative" technique, toward high-sounding lines that are often bombastic, toward the sonnet, the quatrain and the couplet. A number of his poems are striking, but it is impossible to say what he does best, for he seems to be successful by chance only, as he touches casually a hundred topics. This is shown in the two longest poems of the book, The Headland and Out of Silence, which have nothing to sustain them but a windy inflation of commonplace ideas and images. There are a few good phrases. In The Headland he speaks of "the rigor and resistance in the eyes of the few peasants" along the coast whither a young man (perhaps Mr. Ficke himself) has gone in search of "a strong bitterness that might save his soul."

Mr. Ficke has too little "resistance." He writes about things that present themselves before him. He is entirely passive, responding almost automatically to the stimuli of a casual world. He is active only in his will-to-write, and I imagine him as welcoming every opportunity to satisfy this one passion. I like to think of those poets whom I admire most as tormented by a world that will not let them rest, a world that goads them from poem to poem, that makes all their work a glorious failure. I like to think of them as hungering for some perfect sonnet that they will never write, some phrase or cadence that will be their last answer to life's turbulence.

Mr. Ficke, like most people who write poetry deliberately and continuously, falls into the habit of talking too much about his emotions. He talks about voices that sing "compelling music" to him, about "lightnings hurled" upon him, about being "wounded by those greater wars that storm across the spaces of the breast," about loveliness that stirs through him "like a long music," and about "vast stalking fears." These are pen and ink emotions. They are neatly and forever interred between two green and mauve boards. They are the work of a man who is determined to write poetry.

WILLIAM A. NORRIS.

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The New Gravitation

The Theory of Relativity, Three Lectures for Chemists. By Erwin Freundlich. Translated by Henry L. Brose, with an Introduction by Viscount Haldane. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

The Foundation of Einstein's Theory of Gravitation, by Erwin Freundlich. Translated by Henry L. Brose, with a Preface by Albert Einstein, Ph.D., and with an Introduction by H. H. Turner, D.Sc., F. R. S. Greatly Revised and Enlarged Edition. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

IT seems impossible as yet to explain Einstein's theory of gravitation to people who are not fairly expert mathematicians. Innumerable attempts have been made; perhaps the best is Einstein's own, also published by Messrs. Methuen. Probably fifty years hence the necessary preliminaries will have been gone through, but for the present each new popular exposition seems to make the case more hopeless. Our habitual ways of imagining space, time, matter, and motion have to be changed before the ideas involved can be expressed in non-mathematical language. This change will always seem difficult to those who have been educated in the old ideas, so that widespread popular understanding will only come when boys are taught the new ideas from the first.

The mathematician, safe in his symbols, does not have to trouble himself, except at rare intervals, with what they mean, but popular explanation consists in finding pictorial words for the processes with which he is concerned. In some parts of science this is much easier than in other parts. We all think we can understand the fact that when we kick a football it moves, or that when billiard balls meet they glance off as they do. In fact, we do not in the least understand these occurrences, which are just as difficult as anything in Einstein; but they are familiar, so we accept them without a sense of bewilderment. The difficulty of explaining Einstein consists in the fact that familiar occurrences, interpreted as common sense interprets them, do not afford a first step towards his theory. Probably the eighteeenth-century ladies who studied Newton imagined the earth tied to the sun by a string, and swung round it as we might swing a weight. No such simple analogies will explain the non-Euclidean structure of space-time upon which Einsteinian gravitation depends.

The substitution of space-time for space and time is the most difficult imaginative effort demanded by the new theory. When once that has been fully achieved, the rest is not so difficult. This substitution is already demanded in the special theory of relativity, which offers only very slight *mathematical* difficulties as compared to the general theory. Something would be done towards facilitating the conception of space-time by directing attention to processes which are obviously, even for common sense, series of events rather than movements of a single substance. Take, for example, the parts of the various instruments in a symphony. No one thinks of each of these parts as a "thing" in the sense in which we falsely imagine that a football is a "thing." Nevertheless, it has a certain unity; its earlier and later portions are related to those of other instruments and to each other by the laws of harmony and counterpoint. It is on the analogy of these laws that Einsteinian gravitation should be conceived. What we call the motion of a single body should be thought of on the analogy of the part of a single instrument, and the law of gravitation (like harmony and counterpoint) connects the parts of the different instruments, though not through the direct causation that we imagine to be displayed by billiard balls when they hit each other. However, it is useless here to pursue this theme, as a fat volume would be required to do it justice.

Dr. Freundlich has done his best, and both his books are excellent. Inevitably they cover much of the same ground, a good deal of which is again covered by Brose in two appendices of thirty-five pages to The Foundations of Einstein's Theory of Gravitation. The importance of the theory, especially from a philsosophical point of view, fully warrants all the attention that has been bestowed upon it; but I do not think the theory will be widely understood until it has become clothed in a new garment of common-sense notions. These will have to be somewhat different from the old notions for instance, all the ideas associated with the adjective "dynamic" must be got rid of. In Newton's theory, one could imagine that the sun "governed" the solar system; now this way of looking at things is seen to be utterly mistaken. The material universe is one of ordered anarchism, where each body does as it likes but tastes have a singular uniformity. Gravitation is no longer a "force"; it is a way in which space-time varies from place to place. Where it has certain characteristics we say there is "matter"; where it has others we say it is "empty." Ultimately, the difference is in the relations of neighbouring events.

Einstein's theory is now more firmly established than when Dr. Freundlich's books were written, since the predicted shift of spectral lines in a gravitation field appears to have been established. This was the third of the three tests, and the only one as to which a doubt persisted after the observations of the eclipse of 1919.

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

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Please Note

Those who bind the volumes of The New Republic will note that, due to an error, the pages of the first issue in Volume XL were incorrectly numbered. Page 371 should have been page 1, etc. The second issue of Vol. XL begins therefore with page 1.

To Make Unlawful

That seems to be at the moment the sole end of law—to make this or that thing or act unlawful. At least much of the present-day legislation accomplishes little more than this, which means that you can't make order with law. When you have much law, as today, you have little or no real order.

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